

PS 3545

.I56 L8

1915

Copy 1

Stories of War and Peace



Paul Williamson





Class PS3545
Book I56 L3
Copyright No. 1915

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

LYRICS
OF
WAR AND PEACE

BY
PAUL WILLIAMSON



BOSTON
SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY
1915

PS 3545
I 562.8
1915



COPYRIGHT, 1915
SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY

DEC 17 1915

© Cl. A 426939

TO MY BELOVED WIFE AND DAUGHTERS

MAMIE E. WILLIAMSON

CARRIE ESTELLA HOLLISTER

VERA IRENE WILLIAMSON

CONTENTS

	PAGE
BISHOP SIMPSON'S CONCLUSION OF LINCOLN'S	
FUNERAL SERMON	1
IRELAND	3
LOST AND FOUND	6
A SONG OF THANKSGIVING	11
CHRISTMAS	13
DAY, TWILIGHT, AND NIGHT	14
CHOICE OF HONOR	17
INFINITUDE	18
OUR LIVELY HOPE	21
THE PRESENT FROM EVER TO EVER	22
MATE FATE	24
ISABELLA MARJORY WILLIAMSON	26
DARE TO BE A DANIEL	29
NEW YORK TO POUGHKEEPSIE	31
HUNTINGTON BOB-SLEDDING	35
LESS VERSE, MORE POETRY	37
LEADING, READING	38
WRITE FOR RIGHT	41
THE CHRISTIAN'S DELIGHT	42
DAVID'S SONG OF THE BOW	43
TO MISS FANNY L. SIMPSON	46
NEW YEAR	49
SANTA CLAUS	51
USE THE PEN	55
GOD'S FOUNTAIN PEN	57
SONG OF THE GOSPEL ENGINE	58
THE UNFAITHFUL VINEKEEPER, AMERICA	61
DER KAISER	65

	PAGE
PORTRAIT OF MOTHER	67
JOSEPHINE	68
HONOR LINCOLN	69
UNCLE SAM	73
DID YOU EVER HYMN	79
PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN WISDOM	83
PLAN FOR PEACE	84
PROHIBITION CALL	85
ALL NATIONS OF THE WORLD	86
ONE TALENT	90
MY JAILER	92
BIRCH VALE	94
CONSOLATION	97
FATHER	98
AN ENGLISH MIDDY	100
WAR IS ON	102
VALEDICTION MILITARIS	105
WAR BELLS	107
THE MODERN WAR MACHINE	109
INVITATION HYMN	113
COMPANIONSHIP WITH JESUS	114
A GREATER THANATOPSIS	116
HOME AGAIN	121
THE CHRISTIAN IN CHINA	128

LYRICS OF WAR AND PEACE

BISHOP SIMPSON'S CONCLUSION OF LINCOLN'S FUNERAL SERMON

CHIEFTAIN, Lincoln, fare thee well.

Our nation mourns for thee.
Her mothers shall for ages tell
To children round their knee
The matchless fame of Lincoln's name.

Chieftain, Lincoln, rest thee well.

The youth of all our land,
Thy virtues emulating, shall
Thy majesty expand
Perpetually, in purity.

Statesmen, noting thy degree,
Shall from it wisdom learn.
Thy silent lips shall teach them, free,
The traitor's terms to spurn:—
Thy honored grave our land shall save;—

While ringing through the regal halls
Of state, o'er all the earth,
The echo of thy hushing voice
Shall sing of freedom's mirth,
“All hail, ye bound; a-hoy.”

Till listening ear of sons of men,
Where bondage doth annoy,
Shall catch its silver note, and then
In hope, leap forth for joy,
To bless thy name, for liberty.

In travail's pain, humanity,
Triumphantly, has borne a son;
Our kingly martyr, crowned is he,
Enthroned in love by every one:—
Hero, martyr, friend,—farewell!

IRELAND

Och, Land o' the Fairies, green isle o'er the sea,
We'll niver grow weary o' tellin' o' thee,
Where the quairest iv lagions one iver hard tell
Float out on the braazes and dance in the dell.

Och, Land o' the Fairy, wee spirits iv gurls,
We'll niver forget thee in all iv life's whurls,
Fer how kud we do without Erin's fair loughs,
Or trudge o'er her meads and not love her
shamrocks.

Och, Rose of Killarney, more waxen and fair
Than all the wurld's roses, you scint Erin's
air,
And the rains of pure wather, in sweet scinted
showers,
Make the wee praties graw big, and blossom
loik flowers.

While the fairy blue flax makes the heath as the
sky,
Naith the saft summer braazes that rock and
roll by,
Gintly shadin' the fields as the waves o' the saa.
Wid th' blue tinted clouds, as they dance
toard the laa.

Och, Land o' the Fairies, by patron saint blist,
Mare pace ti yer pisents; may yer wary sowl
rist

On Atlantic's saft busum, loik an innisint chile,
On which arth an' hivin may luck, wid a
smile.

Och, Land o' the Fairies, y've suffered much
wrong,

But yer light hearted lads bear reproach wid
a song;

And tho tinder harted, they jist luv ta fight,
That the land be not parted, and their
wrongs be made right.

Thin luck ti the Fairies, and luck ti the lan',
And luck ti the loyal fer Union who stan';
May a kiss fra the ocean iv Irish luv
Bring back her devotion frim hivin above.

And make ivery sowl a thrue sodger of God,
That her peeple may throive as dis Erin's
green sod;
May the witch iv dissinsion fly awa' on her
broom,
And the land iv the Fairies be free fra her
gloom.

Thin the gay, gladsome prattle iv childer in glee
May chime with the blarney iv min big and
wee,

And the luv song iv mothers and maidens will
blind

In the chorus iv hivin and arth ti thair frind.

Och, Land iv the Fairies, the frind iv the poor,
May God's richest blissing be lift at yer door,
And anon down the ages that roll on the years;
As the schnakes and the toads may He banish
yer fears.

LOST AND FOUND

PSALM 121

A WANDERER in life's vale of woe,
As on life's pilgrimage I go,
Scanning o'er the distant plain,
My soul is faint with fear and pain.

In vain I seek some easy road,
As on I struggle with my load
Of worldly goods and worldly ways,
Through haunted nights and dreary days,

While from the thicket on my ear
Is ever falling loud and clear
The treacherous growl of vicious beast
That on my flesh and soul would feast.

And on and on from year to year
I struggle through this vale of fear,
Not knowing what the end shall be,
Yet hoping some day to be free.

And to this faintest hope I cling,
And strive my weary mind to bring
To higher ways and higher ground,
From which to view the world around,—

Yet ever conscious of a spell
Of carnal sin, that rose and fell
Upon my sinking, thorny path,—
A foulness of sin's aftermath.

Oh, weary journey, void of truth,
Pursued through tedious years of youth
To denser manhood's harder strife,—
My fainting soul grew sick of life,

Yet could not, for I dare not, die
Without that hope for which I sigh;
And so with slow and trembling tread
I wander on, with throbbing head,

The measure of my daily race,
To reach each night the same dread place,—
A prisoner, circling in the wild
Of forest sin, a lone, lost child.

And peering forth, behind, above,
This way and that, as on I rove,
To find perchance a gleam of light
To lead me from sin's dreary night;

Yet walked, and cried, and sought in vain,
While in the dark and thick domain,
Before my weak and tired eyes
New forms of prowling sin arise.

Till conscious of the fact, I'm lost,
I'm lost, I'm lost; ah, me, I'm lost!
And know not where to seek the light,
And lo, I fear each coming night

May be my last. Oh, night of sin;
Oh, who to me can enter in,
And lead me to my father's home?
Oh, who through this dark maze can come?

Could I but think of any way,
Oh, could I see the light of day,
Some ray to lead me to the light,
To wake this dark and awful night.

Or could I know of any name
Who could save me, if he came
From home to seek a sinner lost;
Oh, could my Father pay the cost!

Oh, could I find a shepherd's horn,
And blow a blast to wake the morn
Of some clear day of life eternal,
And break this spell of night infernal.

Or hail the Lord of earth and sky,
To come and save me ere I die: —
Hark! hark! hark! As I listen, in the dark,
A ray of light, a shining spark!

And soft and gently comes a voice,
And lo, I tremble, yet rejoice;
What can mean this whisper low?
“I have also suffered so.

“ I was in the wilderness ;
I have seen thy sore distress ;
In all points like to thee, I bore
Thy sins for thee, and thee restore.

“ And as the shepherd to his sheep,
Lo, I come with thee to weep,
And by trusting in My name
Thou shalt live, as I the same.”

And then He wiped my tears away,
And on His shoulder He did lay
My throbbing head, in perfect peace,
And all my night of sin did cease.

And now my Saviour is my guide,
And keeps me always by His side,
And He will never leave me more,
Till safe within my Father's door.

Though this all happened years ago,
His love doth ever brighter glow.
Mid all the changing scenes of life
He keeps me safe, in toil and strife.

And He has led me all the way,
Greatly blessing every day,
While gladly viewing Zion's hills,
Which His glory ever fills,

From which my help doth ever come
To guide me on my journey home,—
High Hills that all the heavens made,
I look to Thee, nor feel afraid.

Thou wilt not let my foot be moved,
Nor wilt thou slumber who has loved
Thy weary, lost, and wandering sheep,
But Israel, Thou wilt ever keep

In cooling shade, at Thy right hand;
Nor in the smiting sun shall stand
Upon their way, nor moon at night
Their fold betray to foes that fright.

Thou refuge from the evil vale,
My soul shall by Thy lighthouse sail
When going out and coming in,
Nor fear the hidden rocks of sin,—

Till Thou conduct me to the shore,
To be on high forever more,
Above the waves of life and time,
On Zion's Hills of God Sublime.

A SONG OF THANKSGIVING

A song of thanksgiving wells up in my soul,
To the great Almighty Who keeps full control

Over billions of worlds, all around this old earth,
Which we nightly see twinkling, with eyes full
of mirth.

A song of thanksgiving for His wonderful care,
That each of His creatures His goodness shall
share,

And have His protection against every foe,
And abide in the light of the love He doth
show.

A song of thanksgiving for our nation's great
store,

Which God has spread o'er her from shore
unto shore,

In harvest and cattle and fruit of the vines,
Of product of mills, and of ore from her
mines.

A song of thanksgiving for society's bliss,
As the children reach up to receive the glad
kiss

Of the home, and the church, and the free public
school,—

God's wings, like the eagle, His nestlings to
rule.

A song of thanksgiving for Jesus His son,
Whose love is sufficient to save every one
Who will come, and abide as a branch in His
side,
And accept the atonement of Jesus who died.

A song of thanksgiving that Christ rose again,
And all who will follow Him also shall reign
Through endless eternity with Him on high
Who made and controlleth the earth and the
sky.

CHRISTMAS

I WILL sing you a song of the glad Christmas
day,

When bells ring ding dong, and swift glides
the sleigh;

For the world is aglee, on sea and on land,

And the glad jubilee for all children's at
hand,

To my song there's a chorus no choir can excel,

For the angels sing o'er us our chorus to
swell,

And the echo as joybells resounds from the
hills,

And awakens each valley with rapturous
trills.

Oh, you ask why we sing with such fullness of
joy.

'Tis because heaven's King has been born a
sweet boy

In the oxen's low manger; He humbles His birth

To exalt little children to heaven on earth.

And we sing it on earth, while they sing it above,

That holy child's birth is the gift of God's
love;

And His kingdom of peace shall proclaim God's
good will,

For to man's every fear He hath said, Peace,
be still.

DAY, TWILIGHT, AND NIGHT

I stood in the vestry of the Day,
In solemn reverence, and calm,
Where Twilight's hand in gold array
Reached forth to greet the open palm
Of faithful Day of glory bright,
Preparing then to soon retire
To rest, beneath the starry night,
Who spreads her spangled blue attire,

A quilted comforter of peace,
All tied with twinkling tufts of gold,
To rest the Day, when toil shall cease,
Beneath her dark and quiet fold;
While Night takes up her faithful watch
Upon the fleeting bridge of time,
Till Day returns to strike the match,
When mounting as a flaming pine

Upon the eastern rim of morn,
He flings his golden arms aloft,
In cordial clasp of passing, worn,
And weary Night; and mantle doffed,
Resumes again the helm, to guide
The barque that flies across the sea
Of boundless waves, and rolling tide
Of years of time eternally.

And as I stood to watch the change,
 Upon the hillside, from the trees
That hemmed the fading range,
 A song came floating on the breeze ;
A million voices ringing clear,
 A million silver trumpets blew,
The passing of the day to cheer,
 Which, passing, bows to earth, Adieu ;

Then hastes to spread his written log
 Before the master of the port,
Who enters in the decalogue
 The records of a full report ;
Of all the signals sent, received,
 Of all the foes repulsed, pursued,
Of all the angry waves that heaved
 To dizzy height, and then subdued

To rest in vales of darkness deep ;
 Of all the mountain peaks of joy
Of heaven, adown whose terrace steep
 Flows swiftly, free from all alloy,
The priceless ore of perfect love ;
 And all the waves of mounting prayer
And praise, ascending up above,
 I see, in bright scenarios there.

And for a while I stood entombed
Within the solemn vestry,
Where Day undressed, and Night resumed
The vigil of my destiny;
And saw the robes the Day laid down,
And vesture that the Night put on,
And saw the gold and diamond crown,
Just ere departing Day had gone,

So meekly taken from his brow,
While to the spangled Queen of Night,
He made his low and solemn bow,
And placed it on her forehead bright;
And on the scene a mellow glow
Of rosy pink revealed the blush
Of evening love, such lovers know
When parting thrills with silent hush.

And never sat upon a throne
A queen in glory half so fair;
While from her flowing surplice shone
A million jewels, rich and rare.
And every subject of her grace
Rejoiced to hear her sweet command,
While Peace, sublime, illumed the face
Of Gracious Queen of sweet Dreamland.

CHOICE OF HONOR

I WOULD rather be a spark of light
Than to be a world of night.

I would rather own the widow's mite
Than to own the nation's blight.

I would rather in God's valley fight
Than dwell enthroned on Satan's height.

I would rather do a little right
Than be endowed with evil might.

I would rather drink of water bright
Than rum that kills as snakes that bite.

I would rather walk where God's the light
Than grope in fear through Satan's night.

INFINITUDE

IF perchance this mortal mind of mine
Should suddenly (I can not tell you how)
Be overlaid by some mysterious wave
Of light, and potent power now,
By which a change from finite slave
To One omnipotent to deal with men,
Should set the current to my waiting key,
And I should hear the clearest message then

From every human mind expressed to me;—
And with transmitter to my lips,
And tuned receiver to my listening ear,
And vision clear, naught could eclipse
To hide one soul on earth from me, the seer,
And I could see, and hear, and know
The thoughts unspoken, and the words as well
On every lip, and see, in subtle flow

Of every springing impulse, rise and swell,
The cause of it; its destiny in deed,—
All filled with semen of infinitude
Of everlasting fruit, that should lead
To life eternal in the realm of good,
Or to the sad and dark despair
Of sorrow, never more to rest in sleep
That erring soul, for whom none seemed to
care,—
That wayward, worn, and weary, poor lost
sheep:—

I would call the swiftest current of my soul,
To mount, in might, his bridled steed of
bronze,

And speed the message over singing polls,
To every soul: "Hello! Cheer up! The
morning dawns.

I have your number, and I have your name;
I am the One alone to make you free;
Infinite power to my hand has come,
And I impart it freely upon thee."

I would speak the spirit of destroying wrath
Forever from the hearts and minds of man,
And plunge the cause of sorrow in a bath
Of boiling vengeance, out beyond the span
Of time and sense, and all the universe
Of space, beyond the walls of all eternity,
And set the bar against his cruel curse,
And instantly, in love, redeem humanity.

Lives there a soul outside of hell
Who, hearing this "Hello" of mine,
Would mutely spurn the signal bell,
And ring me off the clear life line?
I doubt if one on earth be found
Who, finding freedom won so easy,
Would answer back, the hopeless sound,
"Please call again, my line is busy."

Yet, O my heart, how sad the knell
Of doom for souls indifferent;—

And yet, my soul, how glad to tell,
 There is a Mind Omnipotent,
Whose rescue call now rings the bell
 In every heart of discontent,
And calleth long, and loud, and clear,
 Or speaks in tones of tender love,
Entreating that you lend an ear,
 To catch His Message from above.

Transmitters of His radio ray,
 To every soul flash out the call,
That every life that call obey,
 By love send life and peace to all,
And by the living word of power
 All nations bless with liberty,
And then shall dawn the morning hour,
 When hate and war shall cease to be; —
And listening ear, submissive mind,
 Shall forge the links of mighty chain,
The enemy of souls to bind,
 And make man like his God again;
And thou, Infinitude, whose voice
 Will always answer to the call
Of faith, shall make the nations all rejoice; —
 The Love of God shall save us all,
If we but answer when He rings: —
The Lord of lords, and King of kings.

OUR LIVELY HOPE

THERE'S a far better land,
And a far better way,
Beyond life's stormy sea;
And on the bright strand
Of eternal day,
There's a mansion awaiting me.

Life's waves run high,
As the cold winds blow,
And clouds of anger dark
Roll swiftly by,
As we onward go
In life's poor trembling barque;

And though life's sea
Is lashed to foam
By the dragon deep within,
My barque rides free,
In sight of home,
Past the rocks of death and sin.

THE PRESENT FROM EVER TO EVER

I STAND on a bridge
O'er a wonderful stream
Which rolls with deafening roar
Just under my feet,
And it almost would seem
I am standing one foot on each shore.

But no, I'm not standing,
For bridge, stream and I
Are rapidly chasing the shore,
Where we'd feign make a landing,
But shall not till I die,
Nor pass from the other, the more.

For though swiftly I pass
From the shore of the past,
The past I never can leave,
Or though I may fly
As the lightning fast,
The future I ne'er can achieve.

And though I may worry,
And wish I could know
The land of the future beyond,
Or kneel on the bridge
And peer far below,
Yet alas, this immutable bond

Of anxious fear and ardent wish
For what I may suffer or gain; —
I must stay on the bridge
And ardently fish,
To feed body and soul and brain,
From the waters beneath the ledge.

And from all the weight
Of my life-long catch,
I must choose the pure and good,
Would I enter the gate
When death lifts the latch,
And be for ever and ever with God.

MATE FATE

By chance, one happy day,
I met a charming miss,
Whose smile and winning way
Affected me like this:

A premonition fell
Upon my tender heart,
And why, I can not tell,
I felt we ne'er should part.

We met, and talked again,
To prove the charm was true,
And still she held the rein,
And now I wished her to.

The more we met, the bliss
Of meeting grew apace,
And as we met, a kiss
Was passed from face to face.

And since that happy day,
My tried and true fiancée
Has held the right of way
To all my love's expanse.

And thank my lucky star
For all it sent to me,
For she is more by far
Than all things else could be.

It was my lucky day,
The snow was on the ground,
In a village far away,
When my lady-love I found.

We've trod the wintry path
Of many a dreary plain,
But love kind healing hath
For the biting frost and pain

Of every ill of life;
Nor can a man be blest
Without a loving wife
With whom to toil and rest.

ISABELLA MARJORY WILLIAMSON

IN MEMORIAM

A LETTER in deep bordered mourning,
Received with a trembling hand
From the place where in life's early morning
There seemed naught but joy in the land;

A letter from one in the old home,
Whose sorrow and joy it had been
To watch with a suffering sister
From autumn till autumn again.

Oh, what words can be found to tell it! —
The heartaches, distraction and pain,
As they watch these long months by the flow-
erette
That death for a victim doth claim.

Though faded and weak it is growing,
As the cold autumn winds chill the leaves,
Yet in fading resplendently glowing,
Till more fair than the golden sheaves.

In childhood, as bosom companions,
In youth, each the other's delight,
But now, far o'er mountains and cañons
I had gone, and bade Bella good-night.

So they watch, and they wait, and they listen,
As disease at her vitals doth gnaw,

While the frost on the flower doth glisten,
And they sorrow, and tremble in awe;

But the battle is nearly ended,
And the victory will soon be won,
And our heroine's halo be blended
With the radiance surrounding the throne.

So patiently, painfully waiting,
Sometimes so weary and sad,
Resting, as life is abating,
On the bosom of Jesus so glad.

"Come, brothers and sisters, draw near me,
And I'll whisper my last request:
As I pass from the field, will you cheer me
With the promise we'll meet with the blest?

"When this form you prepare for interment,
Let no saddening shroud be given,
But dress me in silken garments,
For there'll be no shrouds in heaven.

"Sing o'er my grave the sweet song,
That we all sang when they went away:
'Shall we meet beyond the river?'
Then turn from these clods of clay.

"For I shall have gone to Jesus,
With Mother and angels to sing
The song of the Lamb forever;
How the rapturous song shall ring!"

Then our loved one, faint and weary,
Falters beneath the strife,
And falling, she falls in victory,
And in death has won the life.

Death had claimed her for a victim.
Hark! Oh, hear her gaily sing,
O grave, thou hast no victory!
O death, thou hast no sting!

DARE TO BE A DANIEL

Oh, come and take the navy, Dan, and see what
you can do,

To bring to it efficiency of officer and crew,
For all the world is watching us, and I've been
watching you,

And feel it's safe to put you to it.

Hurrah, hurrah, for Secretary Dan!

Hurrah, hurrah, for such a fearless man!
Who dared to be a Daniel and to place the royal
ban

Upon our navy's tipsy cruet.

Hurrah for Uncle Samuel! Hurrah for Dan-
iels too!

Hurrah for every admiral, and officer and
crew!

For when they fare as Daniel did, they'll be
more fair to view,

Than all who mix their mess with high wine.

Hurrah, hurrah, for Secretary Dan!

Hurrah for Dan, who canned the canteen
can,

And let the nation shout and dance the can-can
all they can,

To wake the death of Satan's elfins.

We love the boys who bear the flag upon the
land and sea ;
We blush for them who share the jag, and
shame on you and me
For giving rum a license, to debauch the boys
that we
Depend upon to guard our honor.
Hurrah, hurrah, for boys who love the
flag!
Hurrah, hurrah, for boys who will not
drag
Her starry folds in malted mess, the boys who
love to brag
That Old King Alcohol's a gonner.

NEW YORK TO POUGHKEEPSIE

OLD Hudson is a very beautiful creek
Winding away to the north;
Her magic scenes all changing quick,
As our train is bounding forth.

She has cut her way through solid rock
For many and many a mile,
Whose cadence murmurs in mystic talk,
As across the river they smile

At the transient people upon the train,
As they pass, and then pass away,
While the smiling rock shall never wane
Till the final judgment day.

We gaze to view the old Cascades,
Which in solid phalanx shine
Along the sky, across the glades,
Erect as a plummet line.

A wall, a steep, a bulwark grand,
A rock of strong defense;
But now anon, the upper land
Breaks down the mighty fence,

And slides adown the rugged steep
To kiss the crystal sheen
And drink the nectar of the deep,
To lathe her verdure green.

Away to the south her valley rich ;
The conquering avalanche
Proclaims the joy of the mighty ditch,
Bringing life to root and branch.

And so there is valley and then cascade,
And valley and rock once more,
And vales of green, and deeper shade,
Are chasing the hills galore,

Like a herd of mountain goats at play,
On the banks of a silver brook,
And we hear the song of nature's lay,
As she sings from her open book.

And on we speed upon the train,
By the everflowing tide,
And every moment gives a strain
To the scenes on the other side.

Now a stretch of level land,
And then a mountainous hill ;
Now a beautiful beach of sand,
And then a steaming mill ;

Now a pilot's lonely post,
Or a fisherman's humble hut ;
Now a town on the western coast,
Or a village in a rut ;

Or a house, at this long view, that appears
As a box tumbled into a ditch,
But I suppose, if it really was near,
'Twould be found a home of the rich.

And so we view from the eastern bank
The scenes that are never still,
Of mountain and valley and towering tank,
And the wings of the water mill ;

And we note the grace of the gallant stream,
With her lines of beauty strong,—
The emerald facings of each seam
Of her silken garment long ;

And mark her pride, and robust health,
Her bosom round and full,—
A boundless store of beauty's wealth,—
A fountain of the soul.

Her islands rare as children play
Upon her silver street,
And mountains bow in ecstasy
Of worship at her feet.

With sword and sceptre in her hand,
She deigns her Lord anoint
With glory of her goodly land,
And points him to West Point,—

Which mighty fortress stands secure
 Against invading foe,
While Liberty stands sentinel sure
 Where ocean greets her flow.

And Great Manhattan bows to greet
 The Princess Royal of the North,
And lays his wampum at her feet,
 While all the world proclaims her worth.

HUNTINGTON BOB-SLEDDING

Oh! Oh! What of the snow?
Huntington Bob-sledding: Oh! see them go,
Down on Long Island, where snow falls so seldom,
No power on earth from the sport could have
held them,
When down comes the snow, with good freezing
weather,
And quick as a flash they all came together,
And hied to the hill, which was sprinkled and
frozen,
And piled on each sled, like sardines by the
dozen,
And shot with a push of the sled and a button,
The latter releasing the signal that, puttin'
Along on the wire, set time for the scorer.
Away up the hill the crowd opens before her,
And madly she flies o'er the ice as if greased;
Flying swifter and swifter, her speed is in-
creased
While she shoots by the hustling movie machine,
Or turns topsy-turvy to tickle the screen
That will spread round the world to show her in
flight,
And what we saw today all the world sees to-
night.
And onwardly flying, the steels hum a song
To the timbrels of ice, and on clanging the gong
At the booth of the timer continues her speed

Away to the east, like a runaway steed
That cannot be curbed by the driver until,
Of her own mad volition, she bolts up a hill,
Where hearing Dame Nature with gravity say,
“ I humbly entreat you, consider your way,”—
Then click the stop watch ; at her nose make a
scratch,
To tally her time, and mark her long fetch.
Then let the winds blow, and let there be snow,
And let all remember this last line also,
That everything coming in life will soon go.

LESS VERSE, MORE POETRY

The editor of the *Epworth Herald* announced January first, 1913, that the policy for the year would be "*less verse*, unless the verse contributions contained more poetry."

DEAR EP., I'm glad you do resolve
That you will not your rep. involve
By setting up in nineteen thirteen
Lines devoid of sense or poetine ; —

For if to edit were to know it,
There'd be no space for prosy poet,
If he who writes in rhyme should edit,
Wise editors would lose much credit.

For press real poets have no time,
Or editors to reel a rhyme ;
Weak poets only press the weekly,
For editors can judge but weakly

Of what inspires the poet's pen,
Or why he wrote, or where, or when ;
Nor should a poet be too quick
To think his lines will do the trick

Of winning from the press a smile,
Much less its patrons to beguile
To think there's born another poet
Who wants to let the whole world know it.

LEADING, READING

As I enter the car,
 I see every one reading,
 And the sight has led me to thinking
How many there are
 Who on others are feeding,
 And reading what others are inking.

As I enter the hall,
 I see every one gaping,
 And the sights I behold set me blinking,
As I think of the gall
 Of the actors there aping
 The lewdest of twisting and kicking.

As I enter the store,
 I see every one buying,
 While with hands in my pockets I'm chinking
A few quarters — not more,—
 While in vain I am trying
 To pass all the fads without winking.

As I enter the bar,
 I see every one standing
 At the trough from which they are drinking,
And helpless they are
 As the devil is handing
 Each a chain and a breath that is stinking.

As I enter the store ;
As I enter the car ;
As I enter the hall ;
As I enter the bar ;
I see a few selling,
While many are buying ;
And the people buy all that's for sale,
And the reason I'm telling
This story, I'm trying
To hit Satan's head, not his tail.
For those who are selling,
And playing, and writing,
Are leading the horse by the head ;
And those who are buying,
And seeing, and reading,
Show the kind of a horse you have led.

If your writing is good, he'll be nimble and sleek ;
If your playing is lewd, he'll be vicious and kick ;
If his harness you slit, he will give you a spill ;
If you let him drink booze, your own horse
you will kill.

Every one reading ;
But who does the writing ?
Are they men who have merit and might ?
Many are bleeding ;
But who does the fighting ?
Are they men who are fighting for right ?

Many are reading, yet speeding, unheeding,
The rights of the millions who plead by the
way
For something to read,
For something to speed,
For someone their pleading to heed,
Who will lighten their burdens, and increase
their pay,
That they may have reading and feed.

Every one dealing;
But who does the kneeling?
Are they men who are true and upright?
Many are reeling;
But who is appealing
To the men who make laws for respite?

Every one dealing, or reeling, or kneeling
To pray for the millions who daily do pray
For some one to plead
For them in their need,
For some one to save from the merciless greed
That oppresses the burdened and shortens
their day.
Our land can't be free till they're freed!

WRITE FOR RIGHT

HE who would write for others to read
In the deeds of his life should be right,
And the fruit of his thinking come forth from
the seed
Of the sower who soweth the light.

In his heart should be garnerers of God and his
word,
For God is the author of good;
And he who will scatter such seed may be heard,
And all who will read it have food.

Go clean out your garnerers, ye knights of the
pen;
Sweep away every seed of the tares;
And open your hoppers in penitence, then
Good wheat will roll down on your prayers;

Roll into your soul, and fill you with joy
That your tongue or pen may not express;
Be you mother or maiden, or squire or boy,
Your own life, and your pen, He will bless.

So get right, and then write; and your thought
will outshine
All the flickering spangles of night;
And darkness will flee from a light so divine,
And sin be dismayed by thy might.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DELIGHT

'Tis sweet to walk up close beside your Saviour ;
 'Tis sweet to know He's walking by your side ;
'Tis sweet to know you have His loving favor ;
 'Tis sweet to have Him in your heart abide.

'Tis sweet to come and sit awhile at evening
 Beneath the shadow of His fruitful vine,
And listen to His branches full of glee sing
 Their songs of praise and love and joy divine.

O branches of the fruitful vine of Jesus,
 O members of His church and waiting bride,
His love's the only love that always pleases,
 And by your fruitage God is glorified.

DAVID'S SONG OF THE BOW

In eulogy of Saul and Jonathan: II Samuel 1, 17-27.

Saul was a jealous, restless king of Judah, and Jonathan, his son, a fine young man, was a warm friend of David, the young shepherd musician, whom Saul had made chorister to the court in Gibeon.

The lad's popularity in the court soon roused the treacherous jealousy of Saul, and he attempted to kill David, and drove him into the caves and mountains to be an outlaw and fugitive from the king. He had a very wonderful career, until one day a designing politician came and told him that at Saul's own request, in fear of falling into the hands of the Philistines, *he* had killed Saul with his own sword.

He thought that would please David, and win him favor with the mountain ranger who had proved so skillful in war and diplomacy.

David gave him, not the reward he sought, but that which his confessed sin against the king the Lord had anointed deserved, and his story, which proved to be a lie, nevertheless, was rewarded by his death at the hand of David.

The wandering shepherd then found expression for his mingled feelings of loyalty, love, and admiration for the fallen king and his faithful son, and with a profound sorrow immortalized that respect by the request that the children of Judah should memorize and sing from one generation to another his beautiful eulogy of these notable men, in his great lamentation, "The Song of the Bow," also requesting that the boys be trained in the use of the bow, which he revered because it was the favorite weapon of his dearest friend, who had once used it to signal, and saved his life.

THE SONG OF THE BOW

OH! how the mighty are fallen,
And the beauty of Israel slain,—

[43]

Saul and Jonathan, dead at Gilboa!
Sad mountains, admit not the rain,
Nor harvest more from your field,
For there the arrow is spent,
And vilely fallen the shield
Of Saul, the king of us all,
As though the Lord had not
Anointed his head with oil
From the blood of the slain
Or the fat of the mighty.

The bow of Jonathan turned not back,
Nor the sword of Saul in vain in its place,
O sad message, cease to go on;
Nor tell it in Gath or Askelon,
Lest the Philistine women rejoice.
Saul and Jonathan, father and son,
In lovely harmony spent their lives,
And in death are taken as one.
They were swifter than eagles,
Than lions more strong.

O Jonathan, prince,
With honors so high,
Why art thou slain, that thou must die?
Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul,
Who clothed you in scarlet,
And with other delights,
And decked your apparel with gold.

For dear brother Jonathan
I am distressed ;
He was so very kind to me ;
His love for me was wonderful,
Passing the love of women.
Oh ! how are the mighty fallen,
And their weapons
Of war perished.

TO MISS FANNY L. SIMPSON

ON A MISSION TO CALCUTTA

THAT night the sun with golden rays
Passed o'er the hills in the west,
And closed the last of the home spent days
For the one whom we all loved best.

Not to the grave the Lord had called,
But to fields that are far away,
To give of her life for souls enthralled
In the dark night of sorrow, for aye.

And who of those, her many friends,
Who met at the church that night,
With strange emotions to commend
Her keeping to God's delight,

Shall ever live to forget the spell
Of the power that sanctifies,
And the beautiful thrill of love that fell
As she lifted her beaming eyes,

And raised her sweetest voice to sing,
"Jesus; oh! how sweet the name;
Jesus, every day the same."
And from her heart this accent came,
"I love the name of Jesus."

Next morning the sun with golden light
Rose to welcome God's child again,
To bid her God-speed, in His power and might,
As she hurries away to the train.

Oh! the golden moments, and golden deed,
That passed on that night and day;
Oh! the golden prayers from hearts that bleed,
As a long farewell they say.

"With my hand in Thine, my beloved Lord,
I bow my dear ones adieu,
And gladly go to carry Thy word,
And to do what You want me to do.

"Fare you well, sweet vale of native land,
With your dress of golden hue,
Where Jesus leads by His gentle hand,
I will tell of His glory in you."

That morning the vale was one of tears,
For sorrow and joy divine,
For Fanny had gone, to be gone for years,—
Her life hid, dear Lord, in Thine.

Over the sea and across the main
We follow her with our prayers,
And know full well we shall meet again
Where there'll be no more sorrow or cares.

For the waters shall not overflow His child
While the Lord of the tempest is near,
For she said, as she lifted her eyes and smiled,
“With the Lord I have nothing to fear.”

Over the waters we see them pass,
In fellowship loving and true,
Till they stand in the prow, and by the glass
The old land of the Master they view.

And oh! the delight in the heart of the child
Of His love and tenderest care;
Standing close to her Master, she thought, as
she smiled,
Of the wonderful things He did there.

“All the world is my kingdom now,”
We hear Him joyfully say;
“Many souls from Calcutta shall reward your
vow,
In the field you have chosen to-day.”

So we see her there, in her new abode,
Speaking peace and joy to the sad,
And the spirit of Jesus honors the word,
And again all our hearts are glad.

NEW YEAR

OH, the years are passing on
In their cycles swift and grand;
They are rolling one by one
On the great eternal strand.

They are rolling with the tide
To the great eternal shore,
Where their records must abide,
To be known forever more,

They are rolling swift and sure,
Just like minutes marking time,—
Grains of golden sand secure,
Where the bells eternal chime,—

Ring out in notes so true
From the temples of the King;
For the old and for the new,
Heaven's joybells loudly ring.

They shall never cease to roll;
There's a thousand in a day;
For the world to which the soul
On the year-tide hastes away;

We entreat thee, wondrous year,
Nineteen hundred and fourteen,
Roll through realms of God's good cheer,
Such as man has never seen.

As we stand upon thy wave,
 May we see our Pilot's face;
As we stand beside thy grave,
 May we thank Him for thy grace.

SANTA CLAUS

ON his throne in regions far
Beyond the sun, or nearest star,
Sat old Santa Claus one day,
Watching all good children play,
And what he did I'll try to say.

Some were clad in warmest fur,
Some in raiment richer far
Than ever he was used to wear;
Some in scanty, worn attire
Sat in homes without a fire.

There were little girls and boys,
Making awful lots of noise,
And still they hadn't any toys;
Boys who shout, and girls who sing,
Making Santa's eardrums ring.

Oh, dear! said Santa, what I see
Is 'most too much for even me;
I see the rich man's rosy child
Like a fairy of the May,
Sipping honey day by day.

Flitting here, 'mid golden bower,
Gliding there, through silver shower,
Luring by enchanting power
Of childhood's joy storm toward the sea,
Where the wavelets on the shore

Come from every land and clime ;
With jewelled tinklets to adore
The child of luxury they chime,
And all the courts in all the land
Send wireless wavelets from afar,
And greetings warm, and presents grand
Enrich the child of sumptuous fare.
But still there's something she doth lack,
For Santa n'er has hocked a pack.

And so he saw the poor rich child,
And it made him very sad
To see she scarcely ever smiled,
Though she was never very bad.
And then dear Santa hove a sigh,
And turned his head his eyes to rest ;
But do you think from up on high,
Where every one can see the best,
That he could miss the other one
In rags, and cold and hungry too,
With no good cheer to make her glad ;
No nice warm dresses to put on,
But everything to make her bad.
Life for her was a bugaboo ;
Her ma was poor, she had no dad
To whom in danger she could run.

So Santa saw the rich and poor,
And they were all so dear to him
That he fitted up a great big store,
In a *Christmas tree*. And every limb

Would reach a home,
And every child was sure of some
Of the many many things that grew
On Santa's tree,— in winter too!

So once a year when all was still
On Christmas eve, in every house,
And little girls and jolly boys
Had stopped their singing and their noise,
And all was quiet as a mouse,
Old Santa gave that tree a shake,—
And then the funniest thing, you know: —
(I don't know why things didn't break,
Unless he had them packed in snow
For fear the children might awake) —
When down the chimney from the roof
Of every palace, hut and shack,
Came Santa's reindeer, horn and hoof,
With loads and sleigh loads from his pack;
And jumping down upon the floor,
Santa quickly would unload
The things he brought from his big store,—
Then up the chimney quickly rode,
Leaving presents, such a stack,
Packed in stockings by the fire;
Packed in boxes, nuts and figs,
And things the children most desire,
Enough to fatten little pigs;
Mits and rubbers, furs and ties,
Caps and shoes of every size,
And lots of jolly games, and toys

For every kind of girls and boys,
And drums and whistles such a lot,—
You'd wonder where Old Santa got
The things he keeps in that big tree.
But then I think, 'tween you and me,
That good folks help to fill it, *see?*
And Santa waits till we're asleep,
And then he takes a little peep,
Just to be sure there's no mistake,
And then he gives that tree a shake,
And when the children all awake
And find he's done it and is gone,
And every last and living one
Is bubbling over full of fun,
There's one thing if you put them to it:
Both rich and poor will say they rue it
That they did not see him do it.

USE THE PEN

Oh, use the pen!

There is magic in its point.

Oh, write thy songs!

They will thy heart anoint

With sacred joy,

From whence you could not think,—

Free from alloy,

Pure diamonds set with ink.

A heart with song

Unwritten feels a loss;

A song unsung,

The heart must feel the cross.

How sad the heart

That lets such jewels go,

To be a part

'Neath memory's rolling flow.

Keep watch! And when

They sparkle in the sun,

Quick! use the pen

To pan them ere they've gone

Beneath the soil,

And hidden from the mind!

In vain you'll toil

Again that gem to find.

These gems of thought,

Transcribed and set in verse,

Cannot be bought
In all the universe.
So rare are they,
There's only one of each;
No price can say
What value they may reach.

Without the pen
These treasures can't be saved;
What loss to men
Your pen might have retrieved,
Had you but wrote
The song that filled your heart,
And sent the note
To all in every part.

GOD'S FOUNTAIN PEN

God, take Thy pen, and daily write
In living characters of light
Upon the fast unfolding page
Of time and sense, from age to age,
Thy laws and purposes divine:
Make me a fountain pen of Thine.

Lord, empty from my waiting soul
All guilt, and fill my flowing bowl
With fluid from Thy crystal fountain,
Flowing from Thy holy mountain,
That from a golden life with Thee
Thy hand may write to men by me.

I fain would have Thee hold Thy pen,
And trace its point on lives of men,
As parchment spread before Thy sight
On which Thy hand Thy laws shall write.
Engraven as in solid stone
The graces of Thy risen Son.

Behold Thy hand upon the wall
Is writing, and men hear the call
Of conscience, warning them of sin,
And Jesus Christ now enters in
And fills them with His love divine,
That they may write, and writing, shine.

SONG OF THE GOSPEL ENGINE

LACK o' me! Once again I am down in the
dumps,

And my heart pounds away as an engine
within;

At each stroke of the pulse there's a friction
that bumps,

And my head Engineer says the trouble is sin,

Though I draw from the well that should give a
supply

Of purest of water conveyed by the pumps;

But the well at the church is almost gone dry,

And there's grit in the valves and corrosion
in lumps;

And though I am conscious and zealous for God,

The force in my steanchest is water and mud,

And my throbbing eccentric and strong piston-
rod

In vain pounds the steam to my head with a
thud.

And I feel a repulsion of power so great

Is holding me back from the work I would do,

Like a fetter that binds to a terrible weight,

And hinders my service to God and to you.

Yet I'm longing for liberty, panting with zeal,

To be off on my mission to speed o'er the rail,

With the glad load of grace that the Christian
should feel,
As he speeds with the message to cheer those
who wail.

My prayer, then, to God, to the church, and the
pastor,
Is prime, quickly prime, the fast settling well;
Let me draw the pure water, and drive me the
faster,
To speed with my passengers further from
hell.

For the train I am hauling is made up of cars
All filled with the nearest and dearest of
friends,
More real in value than millions of stars,
And my train shall not stop till eternity ends.

Then purer the fountain, and hotter the flame,
Let me speed to the mountain, find every lost
sheep,
That I may convey them in Jesus's name
To Him who is able to comfort and keep.

Away with ambition, away with vain pride,
And every condition of lauding of self;
I'll obey my Conductor, as swiftly I glide
Through the vale, over hills, on precipitous
shelf,

Round the rough craggy mountains of folly in
youth,
Through the tunnels of darkness, temptation
and sin ;
By the dawn, or the twilight, I'll fly with the
truth,
Till beneath the White Throne my long train
shall pull in.

THE UNFAITHFUL VINEKEEPER, AMERICA

(In the light of the fifth chapter of Isaiah)

WHEN God in due time gave our fathers this
land,

He gave them the Bible, His spirit's com-
mand,

And Pilgrims and Puritans came at His call
To till our great prairies, our forests to fall;

Till from ocean to ocean, on hill, in ravine,
Should resound our new gospel of politics
clean,

And a nation of liberty, justice, and love
Should be the earth's ensign of heaven above.

On the cleft Rock of Ages they laid her first
laws

In the old Constitution, as clause upon clause
Was read for approval of people and God,—
Our Union, Creator, and people, and sod.

In annals of nations and records of time
There ne'er was a day so unique and sublime;
For out of this purpose of God's holy will
He has blessed all the world, and is blessing it
still.

On the bosom of earth, like a glorious banner,
 Borne high between oceans, in excellent man-
 ner,
Unfurling her colors of red, white, and blue,
 To the nations of earth and heaven's high
 view.

How we cherish with pride her blue field of stars,
 And in reverence bow to her beautiful bars,—
Her blue as the symbol of ocean and sky,
 White for our purity, for the red we would
 die.

With praise and thanksgiving we point to our
 flag,
 And in our pride we are tempted to brag
Of our wonderful nation and progress, with
 pride;
 But beware lest in shame we our faces may
 hide.

All our boasting and pride in our flag's a delu-
 sion,
 For our colors are running in awful confusion,
And the white and the blue are fast turning to
 red:
 Our emblem is stained with the gore of the
 dead.

For our millions of voters, forgetting our God,
Are tearing our colors from purity's rod,
And by its authority selling permission
To send scores of thousands each year to
perdition.

Oh! these stars and these bars will condemn us
at last,
When life and elections and time shall have
passed,
And at the bar of God's justice we stand,
With a piece of Old Glory all red in our
hand:—

Red with the blood of our boys and our girls,
Stained by the club that our revenue hurls
At their heads, by our voters' political vow
That Pilgrims and Puritans make and allow.

As rum is a curse and a loss to our land,
We should march to the ballot at God's com-
mand,
And wage an election for justice and right,
That our flag will renew, with the blue and the
white,

That the field of the stars on our banner may
shine

As the stars in the heavens above us, divine,
And the bars of destruction and death be de-
stroyed

By the bars, red and white, by our votes un-
alloyed.

DER KAISER

DER Kaiser vot iss,

Und his name et vos Villium,

Dot Kaiser mit olt Chermanee,

Vel, heim vos souch gootd viter

No podty vot iss con kill heim;

Heim vill fite all der nocht,

Und heim fight all der daugh,

Und ven he vos lickt,

Schust sait, Vot yer kickt,

For dot, Ies vill schlick der coup.

Und den hee vos say,

Von leetle kick more,

Mit mine shins vot is sore,

Vunt hurt ferry musch any vay.

Heim vas such schmart von man,

He nit fite mit heim han',—

Heim fite mit von fiting machine,

Vot der Reischstag vos mochk,

Und der vuorld vos nit brochk,

Und heis fitin' vos vicket und keen.

Vell, es tdank heim vos mad,

Mit schuch tember so bad,

Dot more foar as heis nose he nit see,

Fer vile heim vos fitin'

Mit Belgium und France,

Heim schust sait to der Lion, Ga Nouse,

Und der Bhair mit der Rushen

Vot vonted ter bite heim

Schust coomt per hine heim,
Und schumped like von cat mit der mouse.

Und den von leetle Jap
Schlick off heim von cap,
Und der Serb vos steal heim hes boots,
Und ven hee vos pizzy
Mit aine, schwa, und thrai,
Von under pigh bunch mit der voods,
Schust schwiped heim hes gowl,
Und schased dot pigh army away,
Und den heim vos say,
Mit heim close, und heim nose
Werry rode mit der bloode,
Fer vot yer me schlick mit mine moul.

Und den heim vos say,
I'se tank I'se con schlick
Effrey pudty dot vay,
Pudt now I'se vos retty ter quidt;
Fer how const me fite
Ven de runs me away,
Und mine fiting machine runs dem vit.

Und ven I vos met heim,
Und saidt vos yer lick,
Heim schust lookt ferry madt,
Und saidt, very loud, *Auber Nit*.

PORTRAIT OF MOTHER

Oh, tell me, good portrait of mother,
To the memory of her sweet love,
Who loved no child more than the other,
Loving each with a love from above,
What truths shall I write of her grace,
Good portrait of mother's sweet face?

Say how I may tell to the ages
Of the love that we lost when she died,
A wealth never spoken by sages
Then to our lives was denied,
In heaven to multiply ninety by nine,
For us wandering sheep of the Shepherd di-
vine.

O portrait of mother, O treasure so rare,
Seal of the bond so precious on high,
By faith let me talk to my Banker in prayer,
Who holds for me, in the sweet bye and bye,
To pay in full, by His wonderful grace,
That treasure, my mother's glorified face.

JOSEPHINE

(IN MEMORIAM JOSEPHINE HEWLETT)

THE bud, the bloom, the fragrant flower,
 Unfolding to the light,
But opens at the morning hour
 To close its leaves at night.

Not so its sweet aroma spread
 In fragrance on the air: —
That soothes the faint and weary head
 Of pilgrim passing there.

Let all who knew her life rejoice
 With angel hosts unseen,
And shout in triumph's sweetest voice,
 With entréant — Josephine.

HONOR LINCOLN

I've just been a-thinkin',
Shall we honor Lincoln,
Whose birthday is coming so soon,
And I guess we had oughter,
For he always drank water,
And never went near a saloon.

Though his cellar was jugless,
He won against Douglas,
And went to the President's chair,
And won so much fame,
All the world heard his name,
For the wonderful things he did there.

Shall we honor him? Yes.
Honor Lincoln! I guess
We give honor where honor is due,
For if ever a lad
Went ahead of his dad,
I'm thinkin' 'twas Lincoln; aren't you?

It is well understood
When he went to cut wood,
That the song of his ax and wood saw
Was fitting him then
For a leader of men,
Who would cut some big timber in law.

Away down in Dixie
Was a humming big tree,
That many had tried to cut down,
But as Lincoln went by
He hove a great sigh,
Then he picked up his ax with a frown,

For beneath the big tree
Stood Simon Legree,
With his pistol and whip in his hand,
To shoot in their tracks,
Or to lash on bare backs,
Every coon seeking freedom on land.

'Twas a sight to behold,
This coon hunter bold
And Lincoln beneath the big tree,
As Legree threw a bluff,
Abe hit him a cuff,
And millions of stars did he see.

And it was a great joke
That he never awoke
Till Lincoln had swung his keen ax,
And the tree was laid low,
And the coons were let go
To freedom among the corn stacks.

So much for his honor ;
But now he's a goner,
And still there's big timber to chop ;

I can't keep from laughin',
For here comes Gene Chaffin,
And another big tree will go flop,

For in this liquor tree,
You can't help but see,
Not merely three millions of slaves,
But a great many more,
Heart broken and sore,
And they drop from the branch to their
graves.

Was Lincoln's tree big?
It was only a twig,
Compared with this one of today;
That, but a cessation;
This darkens the nation;
So while Chaffin chops we should pray.

And while we are praying,
There's something keeps saying
That Lincoln did very much harm
To sign a bad bill,
Against a good will,
Though he said he'd as soon lose an arm.

For Lincoln's war ax
Was sharpened by tax
On land and on liquor saloons,

Which Congress had said
 Would kill slavery dead,
 And Lincoln forgot they were loons,

And though not inclined,
 He solemnly signed
 The liquor saloon license bill,
And now it's a tree,
 Over land, over sea,
 Our national honor to kill.

And so it's a pity,
 For village and city
 This tree Lincoln planted is bad;
But what's the good kicking
 Poor Lincoln for sticking
 To the bum tree the bad party had.

For we must go ahead
 Of our fathers now dead,
 And chop like good splitters of rails,
Till the tree of saloons,
 And Congressional loons,
 Falls kerslam with its glasses and pails.

UNCLE SAM

If you wait and be calm,
I'll describe Uncle Sam,
The dearest old guy on the earth;
For he gives us our food,
And our coal and our wood,
And the clothes that we wear from our birth.

He is tall and he's thin,
With a wisp on his chin,
And his britches strapped down to his boots;
He is nimble and quick,
And he swings a big stick,
From a tree he pulled up by the roots.

And we love him so well
That we holler and yell
When we see his plug hat o'er the hill,
And we greet him with cheers,
And we feel like young steers,
When he comes our old bread box to fill.

He's a busy old man,
Doing all that he can
For his nephews and nieces each year;
They are ninety-one million,
And spend two whole billion
For whisky and champagne and beer.

He is witty and wise,
Yet a fool in disguise
To let the kids carry on so ;
For they gamble and cheat,
And lie drunk at his feet,
While he tries to free poor old black Jo.

For Jo is a slave,
And his master a knave
That Sammy just loves, not a bit ;
So he bade him let go
Of poor old black Jo,
Or get licked till he died in a fit.

But the Confederate
Told Sam he could wait
Till everything froze up below
Before he would see
Old General Lee
Give in to the friends of black Jo.

But Sam was so wise
That a few other guys
Made him think that the plan they proposed
Would do the neat trick
And free Cousin Jo quick,
Though it made all his nephews red nosed.

And this is the plan
They gave the old man,
Though he said he'd as soon lose an arm
As to sign the bad bill
Against his good will,
For the licensed saloon will do harm.

We need money for war,
Said the others, be-gorr,
And in war as in love all is fair;
With the license saloon
You'll have funds very soon
All things for the fight to prepare.

So for dear Uncle Sam
Uncle Abe, like a clam,
Shut up as he took up the pen,
And signed poor Sam's name
To the confidence game,
And the fighting began there and then.

And like demons they fought,
And they killed a whole lot,
But at last they had freed Cousin Jo,
But they all had forgot
That the money that bought
Their outfit enslaved them also.

That industrial knave
That Jo did enslave
Has been dead a long time in the South,
While the license saloon
Has chained Sammy the loon
To a bar with a chain in his mouth.

And the devil we see
Dancing round him in glee
At the fate of the freer of slaves,
While the brew and the still
Of the legalized mill
Sends his troops to their demonized graves.

And that very same stick
That dear Uncle did pick
As a sceptre of true Liberty
Was snatched by the brute
As Sammy stood mute,
While Abe signed the license decree.

And poor Liberty fell
With a wail as from hell
As the sceptre was wrung from his hand,
And as blow after blow
Made Uncle's blood flow,
Till its flood has submerged the whole land.

Oh! it's sorry I am
For poor Uncle Sam,
With his millions of nephews and nieces;
If they listen to me
They will set Uncle free
Ere the devil has torn him to pieces.

But the girls and the boys
Have heard the great noise,
And are planning for national peace;
And with the big mallet,
The popular ballot,
Will quickly their Uncle release.

And this I would say —
On election day,
When the good man who seems like a smarty
Solicits your aid,
Don't be a jade,
He is only as good as his party.

And if he's elected,
He's always expected
To do as he's told by his boss,
And so it's a wonder
So many men blunder,
Good man and bad party to cross.

Such a cross is a curse,
And its offspring is worse,
For it misrepresents the good man,—
Deceiving the voter,
And pleasing the bloater,
And it tightens the prisoner's ban.

Now this is the tip,—
I must soon let it slip,—
That will gladden dear Uncle Sam's home,
And make his condition
Complete, *prohibition*,
With its emblem on Washington's dome.

So vote for a party,
Or vote for a smarty,
But never cross votes at the poll;
But vote for the fountain,
And shovel the mountain
Of alcohol into the hole.

And never say stop,
Till every dram shop
Is driven from your Uncle's domain,
And Uncle is free,
And Cousins all we
Shall be proud of each other again.

DID YOU EVER HYMN

Did you ever follow Jesus to the wilderness?

Did you ever see him suffer there for you?

Did you ever see his visage marred with sorrow,—

Greater sorrow than the world had ever
knew?

Did you ever see the Holy Ghost descending

Like a dove upon the Lowly Nazarene?

Did you ever hear the voice the heavens rending,

As the Lamb of God in Jordan first was seen?

Did you ever follow Jesus in temptation,

To where Satan in his kingdom held the
throne?

Did you ever say to him in consecration,

Man is not obliged to live by bread alone?

Did you ever stand with him at Cæsarea,

Where he shone in all the glory of his grace?

Did you ever shout aloud so men could hear you,

When you saw the radiant glory of his face?

Did you ever see his tears for yonder city,

As they told of breaking heart and tender
love?

Did you hear the words he spoke in tender pity,

That Jerusalem his care would not approve?

Did you spread a palm or shout a loud hosanna,
As the King of earth and heaven entered in?
Did you ever let him feed you on the manna
That can heal your soul and body of its sin?

Did you ever see and help him cleanse the temple,
That was meant to be to God a house of prayer?
Did you see the priests and money changers tremble,
As they fled before the Master in despair?

Did you sit as his disciple at the supper,
While the Master of the feast did wash your feet?
Knowing one was false, e'er think how he did suffer
As he passed the bread and wine for them to eat?

Did he ever let you lean upon his bosom?
Did you ever say to Jesus, "Is it I" ?
Did you ever hear the tempter say, "Betray him" ?
Did you ever know he came for you to die?

Did you ever follow closely by the Master
After supper in the darkness of the night?
Did you ever say to Jesus, "Hold me faster,"
As in timid fear you battle for the right?

Did you ever stand and listen to the meekness
Of the prayer he offered in Gethsemane,
While the angels gave him strength for human
weakness,
Saying, "Father, let Thy will be done in
me"?

Did you ever see your sin betray the Saviour
To the rabble of the worldly with a kiss?
Or the price of that betrayal, worldly favor,
Shed the blood of your own life as well as his?

Did you ever stand and shiver by the fire
While your Lord was being scourged and
spat upon?
Or a little taunting make of you a liar,
Like the one who felt that all his hope was
gone?

Did you ever see the look he gave the sinner,
With the love of God who takes the sinner's
part?
Did you ever greet the Saviour as a winner
By the look of love that broke poor Peter's
heart?

Did you ever run to see the empty chamber
At the dawning of the Easter Sabbath day?
Did you ever hear the angel say, "He's risen"?
Did you ever see him roll the stone away?

Did you ever hear his message unto Peter
That he sent to him by Mary Magdalene?
For while she sought him, lo, he comes to greet
her,
“Tell him that in Galilee I will be seen.”

Did he ever walk beside you on the highway?
Did you ever feel the fire burn within?
Did he ever call you from the dreary byway?
Did he ever say, “Depart, no more to sin”?

Did you ever hear him tell about the mansion
He was going to prepare above for you?
Did you ever see the glory cloud’s expansion,
As on high it rose to bear him from your
view?

Did you ever feel his spirit come in power
In the stillness and the quiet of your soul?
Did you ever feel the sweet refreshing shower
Of his love that made your broken spirit
whole?

Do you ever tell your friends to love your Mas-
ter
As a sure and safe retreat from every ill?
Brother, won’t you try to bear the message
faster,
To the many who have never read his will?

PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN WISDOM

CHRISTIANS, let us study to be wise,
For we are in, not of the world,
And when we see the things we most despise,
May no hard words at them be hurled.

But let us look behind the coat and flesh,
And see in every one, as God can see,
That there's a soul entangled in the mesh
The tempter chides as he did we.

So, let us look, and look, till we can view
Beneath the soil a jewel richer than the world.
A sparkling soul, evangelized by you,
Is greater wealth than though earth's banner
you unfurled.

Be wise, where'er you see a man in sin,
To show him kindness, sympathy, and love,
For there is not a man you may not win
From blackest darkness to the light above

By words of love, and Jesus' word of life,
Who came to call us sinners to repent,
Who conquers sin by holiness of strife,
When veil that hid the soul from God is rent.

And through the rift is seen the precious gem,
A soul redeemed, made radiant by His blood,
Which shall adorn your loyal diadem,
And shed its light on others as a flood.

PLAN FOR PEACE

Two kings are knocking at the door
Of every soul on earth today,—
The King of Peace and King of War:
No other king exists but they.

There's an ambassador of each
Within the breast of every man
Who at his will doth rise and reach
The latch and bow an allegian,—

Admits the king the will approves
The King of War or King of Peace,—
The King of Peace whose law is love
Or King of War and hate's increase.

Let nations' king be King of Love,
And there will be no more of war;
But while King Hate men place above,
Their peace shall pay the tax therefor.

PROHIBITION CALL

(Composed and sung from the water-wagon for the first
time by the author)

OH, shame on our nation, we say, and for shame
When we think unto what we have come,
Though we spilt a king's tea in the depths of
the sea,
We still swallow the devil's rum.

And who was King George, with his taxes on
tea,
With his customs and revenue band,
Compared to King Alcohol, whom we now see
Devastating the homes of our land?

Yet the true and the brave, and the friends of
the home,
Dumped his cargo of goods at the pier,
But we silently sit and let Alcohol come,
While we mourn for the dead on his bier.

Men, follow no longer your dead to the grave
In sadness and sorrow and pain,
But to arms, minute men, our nation to save,
And stop old King Alcohol's reign.

CHORUS

*To arms, to arms, brave voters, to arms!
With your eye on the home and the foe,
And on bended knee let your ballots fly free,—
To the front for our boys and girls go!*

ALL NATIONS OF THE WORLD

COME, join in contrite prayer, to see
This cloud of common sorrow,
The wrath of which was never seen
On earth but once before;

 This breaks the heart of man,
That broke the heart of God;

 And now,
With bleeding hearts we come;—
 “Together,”—

 God and man.

And in each other's arms we fall
 In sympathy, and weep;
We evermore, God's children, shall
 His new commandment keep.

Fifty million men arrayed,
 Are in this titan fight.
See! round them stand in cavalcade
 All nations in their might,
 And Satan reigns.

And nations all are true,
 Nor fear to strive and die;
Their damnedest each will do,
 And God's command defy
 With heart and brains.

Though Satan but suggests,
 While God in love commands,

Men hear the Devil best,
And serve him heart and hand,
Whose blood he drains.

And God has damned the way
Of man's dark contrawise,
Till now, behold he prays,
While blinded are his eyes
By selfish gains.

He yearneth now for God,
Yet thinketh not of man:—
Vain ruler, fain would lift his rod
Athwart the royal plan
That God shall reign;

And conquer for his own
All others, to increase
The commerce of his pompous throne,
His power compelling peace,
Who love disdains.

And thinks himself a god
The world should bow unto,
With sacrifice of human blood
His vengeance to subdue
By loved ones slain.

Ho, ho! Vain Kaiser, hear:—
And hear, O King and Czar:
Your reign is only transient here,—
[87]

Forget not who you are: —
God and People reign.
When avaricious kings shall cease,
The King of Love will give us peace.

When pontiffs cease to steal
The flesh and blood of Him
Who died for love, to heal
The wounds of hate so grim,
And once again

Flows unrestrained to all
Strong currents of the grace
That by foul blasphemies they stall
These who in Jesus' place
Usurp His reign.

To soothe the dying soul,
They claim to damn or bless
With heaven's joy or hell's control,
And flow of truth suppress;
While priesthood deigns

To plunder from the clog
Of superstitious Mass
The tribute of the great Magog,
And only souls shall pass
Who swell his gains: —
When this the Anti-Christ shall cease,
The world will be at peace,

God, help this world to rise
From pits of blood and flame;
God, thunder from the skies,
That all-victorious name,—
That name of Love.

And Satan's thunder damn,
That man no more may hear
His roar subdue the Lamb,
Whose voice dispels all fear,—
That voice of Love.

Behold, a new command;
Go, say to nations all:
“Hate's carnal hosts disband!
Ho! Carnal kingdoms, fall,
To rise in Love.”

If we had loved thee, God,
With mind and soul and strength,
No blood had wet the sod
Of brother's land the length.
O children, *love!*
For this is God's command.

ONE TALENT

My Lord, one talent thou hast given,
And gone on a journey afar,—
Thy talent a treasure sent from heaven
Thou hast left within my care.

But, Lord, I was afraid of thee,
And lest thy talent I lose,
By putting it out to usury,
I feared my Lord's talent to use.

And so I carefully rolled it up
In a napkin, sealed in a box,
And digged a hole where I sealed the top
With a little pile of rocks.

And behold thy talent I thee restore,
In the box in which it lay ;
It is nothing less, and nothing more,
Than the day my Lord went away.

The care of the talent was much to me,
And I feared lest any should know
That I had a talent belonging to thee,
Nor dared that talent to show.

And now since my talent is taken away,
My care for its keeping is gone ;
Instead of the talent a sad decay:
Lord, give me another one,

That I may bear on a golden shield
In the service and sight of men,
That its radium ray may shine, and yield
A talent for each of them.

And glorify thy gifts in me,
And glorify thy name,
And open my napkin of secrecy ;
Thy talent, my Lord, I proclaim.

MY JAILER

OH, Will, thou jailer of the soul,
Tell me thy prisoner's prayer,—
The prayer you hear while on patrol,
From the cell of his dark despair.

Does he plead for liberty, to express
The language that speaks to him?
Would he throw his arms round the world, and
bless
The world with the gospel hymn?

Does he long to be free for the whole world's
sake?
That the will as the soul might be?
Could the soul have thy key, how long would it
take
To set every imprisoned soul free?

O Keeper of heaven, thou author of soul,
Thou giver of freedom, of will,
This generous soul place thou in control,
Whose love will unlock every cell.

Will, thou jailer of my soul,
Tell me now thy prisoner's prayer
That you hear while on patrol,
From his cell of dark despair: —

Does he plead for liberty
To express the life he feels?
Jailer, set thy prisoner free,—
Heed thy yearning soul's appeals.

He who yearns the world to bless,
Oh, release, and let him go
From thy place of idleness,
To release this world from woe.

Let him sing his gospel song
Out upon this world's dark night,
And this world will be ere long
Turned from darkness into light.

O thou jailer, conscious will,
Give my soul thy ponderous key!
In his presence be thou still;
Soul will open heaven to thee.

He who yearns for others' sake,
Send rejoicing on his way,—
He who in his arms would take
All this world, and give it day.

BIRCH VALE

On the Motor Park Way, Long Island, three miles east of the Huntington and Farmingdale road, is one of the prettiest valleys on Long Island: a wild, natural park. Although there are evidences that it was at one time in a state of successful cultivation, there is also the evidence that a very extensive industry once flourished there in the manufacture of brick, by the operations of which a great excavation was made in the south side of a high and rugged forest hill. This hill is richly crowned with white pine and oak and cedar, while the valley is a veritable nursery of the most graceful proportioned birch and poplar shrubbery, with just enough of other varieties to give perfect tone to the picture. The excavation is now a lake and framed in a deep setting of golden birch and poplar, with medallions of maples in pink, and sumac in scarlet, in perfect reflection in the clear depths of the silver blue liquid mirror. Such is the valley and hills and lake I paused to explore one day; and as I climbed to the highest point and sat to rest on the northern bluff, I tried to record the impressions there obtained.

THERE'S a wonderful charm in this little vale,
In this chamber of artistic beauty.
If I did not write of this glory a tale,
I would be much remiss in my duty.

When I came unawares to this pretty spot
I paused in amazement to see
A thousand ladies,—believe me or not,—
For each tree looked the lady to me,—

Dancing around in this beautiful valley
In garments of elegant hue,
The golden for Susan, the purple for Sally,
As they danced on a mirror of blue;

While Mary and Molly, and Peggy and Polly,
Wear red, pink, and yellow and green,
And never were ladies more gaudy and jolly
Than in pretty Birch Vale may be seen.

With so many fine ladies in this pretty place,
Dame Nature of course put a lake,
To double the beauty of each pretty face,
While the artist her make-up did make.

There're a thousand fair ladies in this pretty
vale,
And the vale is a fairy queen,
And when on the waters she goes for a sail,
In the arms of a knight she is seen.

There's a charm in her face, and a peaceful
smile,
As she rests in the fond embrace
Of this mountainous monarch and king of the
isle,
That no artist may copy or trace.

This knight of the vale, with a laurel of pine,
Stands erect in the strength of his pride,
And I never saw nature look nearly so fine
As in this noble knight and his bride.

I shall never forget this beautiful view,
As I sit on the frame of the glass,
But alas, I must bid this fair lady adieu,
Though I'm loth from her presence to pass.

But before I depart from this vale of the birch,
And this knight and his bride in her veil,
I must worship with them, in this their church,
And sing to their glory, all hail!

All hail to Dame Nature with delicate touch,
In the finest of art so profuse,
And whose dainty finger touches so much
That it needs a wise critic to choose.

But here is a "master," a treasure supreme;
She has opened her chamber to me,
And though I was awed at the wonderful theme,
I am charmed into sweet ecstasy.

And now I withdraw from this sacred boudoir
To proceed on the Motor Park Way,
While a thousand pageants attend to the door,
And fairies in gorgeous array;

And my graceful lady and plumed knight
With a gracious adieu make a bow,
While I try but in vain to express my delight
At the art of the hand that knows how.

And I bore from that chamber a delicate fern,
From the frame of that silvery sheet,
And I bear in my heart a pleasant yearn,
For my Lady, "Birch Vale," so neat.

CONSOLATION

WHAT is all this terrible racket?

What on Earth is the awful clatter?
Said a star, "Men are trying to back it,
But have found it a difficult matter."

For the Earth has been flying like light
For thousands of years on its way,
To escape the dark terrors of night,
As she speeds to Millennium Day.

She has taken the bit in her teeth,
And the kaiser and kings that drive
Are tumbling underneath,
And may never get home alive.

They have lost the most of their baggage,
Their armies lie dead in the trench;
"Men-of-war" is an antique adage,
And "fortress" a putrefied stench.

And the racket will soon be over,
And the bawling of drivers shall cease,
And the Earth in the arms of her Lover
Shall rest on the "Plains of Peace."

FATHER

How well I remember my father,
And the home of my earlier days,
How around him the family would gather,
As he sang the old lullaby lays.

How often I climbed to be chided
For some little care of the day,
To his arms; or upon his foot "rided,"
To Banbury Cross and away.

I hear him now lowly singing
A song to an old-fashioned air,—
A song that the fairies are bringing
Me now from my father's arm chair.

How sweet to remember the old home,
For its old-fashioned pleasures were sweet
When around the wood-fire we welcome
The time when each other we meet.

How well we remember our father,
The fruit of whose labor we share,
As daily we gather together;
We all had enough and to spare.

For the toil of his hand was his pleasure,
And it was his delight to impart
The fruit of his toil in full measure
To those who were dear to his heart.

How well we remember him humming
The songs that were wondrously sweet,
While the fairies were going and coming
With notes the sweet song to complete.

While the babe of the house he was rocking
To sleep in the old rocking chair,
And the spirit of Jesus was knocking,
And mother was smiling a prayer

That each of her children would hear Him
While father was singing the song,
And open the heart's door to cheer Him
And live for Him all their life long.

O wealth of the sacred reflection,
O treasure of infinite love,
To remember my father's affection,
And know we shall meet him above,

Some day when again we may gather
With brothers and sisters and mother,
In the home of our heavenly Father,
As the guests of our Elder Brother.

AN ENGLISH MIDDY

I stood on the bridge of my vessel that day,
About three in the afternoon,
And could see through the glass three vessels
that lay
On the crest of the North Lagoon.

And again I turn to view my course
And reckon my reeling log,
When a roaring sound of a rushing force
Rose out of the southern fog.

And then I saw a speck on the waves
Shoot by me at awful speed:
'Twas a submarine, with a thousand graves,
On its errand of awful deed.

Again I turned to the north, to view
Those English cruisers three,
And stood amazed: there were only two,
For the third was beneath the sea.

And while I looked on the sea and sky,
I saw from the ocean rise
A ship, as if spreading its wings to fly,—
Then it sank before my eyes.

With reeling brain and clanging bell
I flew at our greatest speed,
To risk my ship for the souls that fell
On the waves by that awful deed.

But ere I had gone ahead a knot,
The last of the battle ships,
With a heaving sigh, at a fatal shot,
To her grave in the ocean dips.

Still on we flew to the battlefield
Where we saw those giants fall,
And gleaned from the sheaves of that cruel yield
One-fifth of the long roll call.

And strange as it seems, this middy lad,
Although hardly hurt a bit,
Was on board each ship of the three that had
By the submarine been hit.

Three times he flew with the flying wreck
Of the English men-of-war;
Three times he stood on the rescue deck
And cheered for the jolly tar.

WAR IS ON

THE devilish bout of war is on,
And again the world's astir.
Amazed, confounded, hope is gone,
And blood flows everywhere

And shot and shell of battleship
Are mixing pottage hell,
And war marines by thousands slip
To death by sea and shell

And every land of leading fame
Has sent to every post
To muster every listed name,
And troops defile in host

Of armored men and prancing horse
To meet in death as host to host
In deadly fray the battle force
Against the foe they fear the most.

And all the oceans of the world
Are lashed in fury's dark despair;
And tumbling to her depths are hurled
At thousand ships, a gruesome fare;

And all the kindling fires of war
Are sending high the smoke and steam
Of hell's consuming aftermar
Of haughty monarch's awful theme.

O God of heaven, close your eyes
And look not on this cursed shame
Of nations which the sacrifice
Of thy dear Son was made to tame ;

For seeing, can you save the soul
Of men who war with brother man,
And can you stay the cruel toll
Of life and love? Oh, say you can,

Since all these nations know of Christ,
And have not learned his code of war ;
May this become the needed tryst
To teach them all how weak they are.

And may the lesson humble us
In such degree that nations all
May learn the code of Jesus
And marshal to his call.

To form on earth a truce of love
No subtle plot of hell can shake,—
A reign of peace on earth, above,
For thine and our sake.

Oh, yes, we know you know the best
And will not murmur at the way
Thy providence provides the rest
That ushers in thy peaceful day.

And if it be thy way and will
That all the armies fight and fall,
And all the weapons made to kill
Destroy the navies, armies all,

And then for lack of men of hate
To man the guns and bleeding sword,
They moulder into hell to wait
Till Christ shall conquer by his word.

And men shall wonder when they read
This awful record of the past
And follow where the Lord shall lead
And learn of war no more at last.

VALEDICTION MILITARIS

BLOW, hate, all aflame,
Go, fan with the wind
The greed and the shame
Of all human kind,

And try not to quench
These fires of hell
By feigning to drench
From a waterless well

This flame of God's wrath,
For a God cursing age,
Nor to stand in the path
Of the war he doth wage.

The world is at war
With the victims of sin ;
Dismayed as they are,
No war can they win.

For what can they do
To a nation of hate
That can further subdue
Than the sorrowful wait

For the end of the soul
And the end of the race,
With its blood dripping toll
Of this terrible place.

Then let there be war
Till all armies are slain
And navies all are
As the wreck of the *Maine*.

WAR BELLS

WAR in the world
Nations gone mad,
Hell has unfurled
All that is bad;

Armies of men
Die in a day,
And sin is the pen
That signs the decay.

Sin in the heart
Of men at the head
Of people impart
The doom of the dead;

And if you would see
A world at peace,
Let her bend the knee
At a throne of grace,

And humbly confess
Her sins and Lord,
And treasures possess
By his holy word.

There must be peace
Or war must be;
But sin must cease
And man be free.

And how in the world
May this be done
By people churled
By sword and gun?

It will be done,
And Christ shall lead;
And a fool, if he run
The way, may read.

Let civilization
Open the gate
Of Consecration,
The way out of hate,

And lead the people
Through by love.
Be its tower a steeple
Pointing above,—

Pointing to God
Away from hell,
Passing under his rod
To drink at love's well;

And when love shall rule
There will be no war,
And none but a fool
This gate would bar.

THE MODERN WAR MACHINE

MILLIONS of innocent men,
Millions of mothers' boys,
Corralled in a slaughter pen,
Haunted with hideous noise,

As the hoppers of death and hell
Are opened to swallow them up,
As they fall with a horrible yell,
And their blood flows into the cup

Of the kings of the herds of men,
And the wine of the bleeding dead
Bedrunken the royal den
Of fiends, at the nation's head.

And soul and sense be damned,
These regal powers press
Their millions butchered, and jambed
In a gruesome, sickening mess

Into the hoppers, with pride ;
And I wot if one blew up hell,
The noise and the stench, these fields beside,
They would fail to hear or smell.

So deaf are the ears of war,
So cruel the drunk on blood ;
Were they sealed in a planet's core,
You would better be understood,

When you called with mouth on the ground
To the host in the bottom of hell
Than you are by the demons crowned,
At whose ears you hammer and yell.

For they hear not the shrieks of pain
From the slaughtered men and boys,
And mothers screech in vain
In the din of the devilish noise

Of falling towers of state,
And belching guns in line
From hell to heaven's gate,—
A herd of Gaderean swine

That feed on the litter of flesh
In the reeking battlefield,
Where fare, both foul and fresh,
War gives an abundant yield.

O fighting machines, keep on ;
Keep on ; the work is only begun ;
Fight on, fight on, till every one
Is slain by the cruel gun.

For why should the slaughter cease
While a king or a gun remains
To stand in the way of peace
On passion, instead of brains.

Fight on, from the sunken pits
Where the mortar barks at the foe;
Fight on with turpinite fits
That petrify men so

That they stand and die afoot,
Not even time to fall,
Without a wound or cut,
But stand as a human wall

With lines of staring eyes,
Still and dead, that mutely shriek
The screams of sacrifice
Of men that dare not speak.

Fight on; fight on, dark knights,
Of war, who have no souls; —
From Heaven's heights, your kites
On earth destruction rolls;

Fight on, in sea, in earth, in sky;
Besiege the throne of every king;
Besiege the throne of God on high;
In hell, the devil's bull's eye ring.

With shot in range, and target true,
Fight on, beneath the hull and wave,
Till every ship and warring crew
Are laid in shame in carnal grave.

Fight on, ye warring men in hate ;
The victory is to those who strive ;
Fight on, till God shall close the gate,
And war shall cease, and peace survive.

Fight on ; nor cease to rest a day,
Till every implement of war
Is smashed, and only in the way
Of *marching millions*, stronger far

In might of arms, of *love* and *peace*,
Than all your mighty war machine,
By whom *your* carnal wars shall cease,
And never more on earth be seen.

INVITATION HYMN

“ Dost thou bid me come to Jesus,
Who you say has died for me?
Can He give me peace and gladness?
Can He give me liberty? ”

Yes, my brother, Jesus waiteth
For a welcome unto thee,
And He calleth, ever calleth:
Sinner, come ; oh, come and see.

“ Where, oh, where, then, may I find Him?
I will gladly be made free.”
At thy heart's door He is standing,
Wishing you would come and see ;

O my dearest friend, I'm sorry
You've been waiting thus for me ;
Come and share my sinful worry,—
Let me all thy glory see.

COMPANIONSHIP WITH JESUS

I HAVE just had a little talk with Jesus ;
Yes, I've just had a pleasant talk with Him,
And I'm happy as can be, and my heart is light
and free,
Since I've been and had a little talk with Him.

I have often gone and talked awhile with Jesus,
When my heart was burdened down with pain
and woe ;
For I know whate'er my lot, He will hear me on
the spot,
And will comfort me, because He loves me so.

I will always love to walk and talk with Jesus,
For there's nothing in my heart He does not
know ;
And when I would wisdom seek, I am not afraid
to speak
To a friend who stoops to listen, bending low.

I love to take a little walk with Jesus,
For there's something in the things He has to
say
That expels all thought of sin, and so sweetly
burns within,
As I listen to Him talking on our way.

I'm so glad that every one may talk with Jesus,
For to every one He meets He's just the
same,—

To the cultured and the rich, or the beggar in
the ditch;

And He hears the faintest whisper of His
name.

A GREATER THANATOPSIS

FROM the other side of ages past,
Before the *earth* was ever born,
Or parent orbs their pollen cast
To fertilize her purple morn,
Beyond the eastern rim of time,
Her history and destiny
Were full of interest most sublime
For heaven's university;
In which compounding laborator
The many suns and countless stars,
Whose infinitesimal factor
Was weighed and placed in mortar jars,
And so assembled, gas and ore,
And molded by a Master hand,
That when He rolled them on the floor
Of glass, in that omniscient land,
They rolled, and roll forever more.
From far beyond the age of these,
Her fame was known to Master mind,
Who all her paradox foresees,
Whose hand is might, whose law is kind.
And when she rolled away in space,
She bore the germ of life and love;
She bore the image of His face,—
The image of her God above;

The germ of life to cultivate;
In fertile ground to cast the seed

Of every form He would create
By virtue of recurrent deed,
Or touch of reason's magic wand.
By each, and both, we see Him sow
In early Spring, when morning dawned,
And earth and life began to grow ;
And pregnant of creating sire,
She keeps the pleasant trust He gave,
A million years in seething fire,
Whose light reflects beyond the grave
Upon the greater, fuller life,—
The perfect plan of man and earth,
Whose higher life by earthen strife
Shall bring to hosts eternal, mirth,
Who count the layers of rolling years
And mark the process they evolve
In growth that rapidly appears,
And paints perfection of resolve,
Of matchless wisdom, matter, mind,
In glowing colors and array ;
The deepest shadings there, to find
Beneath the hills of endless day.
The cavernous darkness of the night,
That hid from ages past the gem
Of human carbonite of life,
Is seen to open at the hem,
And slowly part her sombre veil,—

The rent ascending to the sun,
And spreading back before the light

Dark ages, as a curtain drawn
Reveals a-stage, the glorious sight
Of Earth mature, and man sublime,
The work of some artistic eye
And hand, and mind of mighty one
Who hung his easel on the sky,
And sitting there on vision's throne,
Produced the substance of the scenes
That opened up to clear perception,
Full and perfect, on the screens
That now await, in glad reception,
The dawn of every life and year.
That time, the present tense eternal,
Reels before the glory sheet
Of passing man, and life supernal.
Never pausing, to repeat
A single touch of light or shade,
Or sound of slight discordant note,
Or flash of time, too swift, delayed.
The process of the paintings float
On before the enchanted soul
Of man, from age to age, until
The fullness of his wondrous scroll
Portrays the painter's perfect will.

Then tremble not, O mortal man,
That time will change your virile form ;
That change of shade is in the plan
Of Him who blends with colors warm
Your mortal being on the plaque
He holds beneath his vision keen,

While mixing shades to form the back
And ribs of strength, over which is seen
The golden light of heatherbloom,
In gladness shining in the sun.
Nor murmur that the morning gloom
Before the dawn is swiftly gone;
And now the blaze of youthful fire
Has filled your ruddy soul with heat
That must consume your strong desire
For nature's fruitage, ripe and sweet,
And please your healthy appetite
With luscious morsels from the tree
Of Life; for this shall be your Lord's delight,
To grace His painting thus with thee.
Nor fret, when youth has lost its glow,
And in the fast declining days
Into the deeper glades you go,
From which to view the brilliant rays
That hem your sinking sleeping shroud,
And flash a blaze of radiant light
Upon the millions more, who crowd
The noonday toward the night,
Like silken hairs that form the brush
The Master dips within the bowl,
With plaque in hand, to prime and push
The perfect blendings on the scroll.

For on adown the stream of time
Your life the mortal life, the true,
Shall live, immortal and sublime,
Where all the angels in review

Shall pass, and pause to look and smile
To see and feel the thrill and charm
Your Life has lent the painting, while
On plaque 'twas blended on His arm
With colors from a million lives
That passed before and lent a drop
Of color from remote archives
To mix with thine, nor ever stop
The iridescent flow and tide
Of life, in all its varied hue,
Till countless millions more have died,
Who shed the light and shades of you,
Received while crossing in your path,
Or passing in your magic wake,—
Reflections of the lights you hath,
Or shadows that your life doth make,—
And these again in turn pass on,
And millions more shall take their place,
And countless ages roll anon,
To sing the glories of the race,—
“Expression of Omniscient Face.”

HOME AGAIN

FROM the home of my youth
In the County of Perth,
Town of Wallace and School Section One,
Where my happiest days, to tell you the
truth,
While here on the earth,
Gave me far the most pleasure and fun.

From the dearest old farm
That ever I saw,
With fields of the richest of grain,
And meadows and pastures where frolicking
lambs
With nothing to awe
Played tag in the sunshine and rain

Or danced on the rock
Or poised on the stumps
Or raced on the big elm log,
Where meeting each other some buck and
some knock,
With the roughest of bumps,
The other lambs off in the bog.

Where the pigs and the chickens,
The geese and the calves,
Were as fat and as shiny as silk,
And every one just felt like raising the dick-
ens,

Doing nothing by halves,
For they fared on good pasture and milk.

Where the horses of work
Were in earnest and keen
In the plowing as when on the road,
And no one could wish their duty to shirk
Where such pleasure was seen
On the farm of my youthful abode.

And then when sixteen,
That old home was sold
And the charm of life's secret was lost,
And not till a score and two years came between,
And again I had strolled
To the place, had I counted the cost.

"Come in," said a stranger,
"You're welcome, I'm sure;
It will give me great pleasure to shew,
And I think there can be little danger
But that you secure
The thrill of your life, as we go."

To the cellar we went,
Where I saw many a day
Of digging, and the building of walls;
And before I knew it, my head sadly bent,
And my heart seemed to say
To the voices that memory recalls,

“ O precious stones,
 Could I lift you again
To your place, in your soft mortar bed,
 It would pleasure supply, and my wandering
 atone
 Beneath you to strain: —
’Twould be lifting old joys from the dead.”

The kitchen was next,
 And the pantry was seen,
And visions more swiftly flow by
 Than lightning, that only one moment re-
 flects,
 While on memory’s screen
All the scenes of two decades did fly.

And then to the room
 Where slept my old dad ;
My guide led the way, but not did she know
 Of the passing thoughts of a sacred gloom,
 And a parent sad : —
Mother’s death was to him a hard blow.

And now I was full
 Of the thrill of my life ;
But I followed my guide, or stood by her side,
 As I strove my emotions to lull ;
 But old memory’s strife
Had engulfed me beneath its strong tide.

Then the living room came,
With the pleasures of home,
Where we daily partook of our fare,
Giving thanks to our Father in Christ's holy
name,
Nor thought we should roam
For years from the joys we knew there.

And the old family board,
And many a crowd
That the room in the olden days knew,
Were to my vision and memory restored,
And were speaking so loud
Of the old friends that gathered thereto ;

And here my good friend
Seemed my vision to see,
For she said that she'd often been told
By her friends and the neighbors of times
they did spend
In the old days with me,
And of many a spree in that room.

Then to the front hall
We entered, to pause
And look through the open front door,
While amid many memories I dearly recall
The infinite cause
Of the thrill of these visions of yore.

For I saw there a page
From the great Book of Life,
And the writing was clear and plain,
And the pictures I saw at a tender age,
Light of joy, shade of strife,
Thrilled my soul as I saw them again.

And across to the parlor,
I looked at the spot
On the wall where in years so long past,
In deep oval rim, hung the portrait of
Mother,—
And though it was not
On the wall, on my vision was cast

The truest reflection
Of that loving face;—
And forgetting my guide, at the wall I gazed,
To feast my soul on the sweet affection,
And feel the embrace
Of Mother's arms, as of old she raised

Me up to her breast,
And pressed a kiss
Of a mother's love for a growing boy
On my cheek; and I felt her love had blest
With a hallowed bliss
That filled my life to the brim with joy.

And with solemn tread,
As we passed each step
[125]

To the hall above, we thought and prayed
For those now living; of those now dead
That here had slept
In the rooms where in youth we played.

And it seemed to me
That the rooms were glad
To welcome me back to them once more;
But a ruthless form I there did see,
And my heart was sad,
For none were there who were there of yore.

And only ruthless solitude
Was there my soul to greet; —
And I almost trembled now of grief,
As in room after room I stood
And tried to meet
That solitude, and turn the leaf.

And so Mrs. Gable,
My schoolmate's wife,
In showing me through my childhood home,
By whose kindly act I had alone been able
To thrill my life
With emotions that never, no never, had come.

And I prayed that God
May bless her home,
And bless the home of my boyhood days;

And the world may read my muse, and laud
All the boys who roam,—
And all whose kindness gladdens their ways.

THE CHRISTIAN IN CHINA

(From Dr. Caldwell's story)

WHEN the voice rang clear, "Who will go?"

I was then in the state of New York,
Where I daily tried my religion to show,
And always had plenty of work.

"Who will go?" to the Chinaman's land,
And hazard the sleeping beast?
Who will dare to reach a strong hand,
And awaken him for the feast?

And oh! the battle that call had stirred
In the fortress within my breast,
And the terrible siege the enemy spurred,
And my soul was greatly distressed.

And oh, the yearning of heart and soul,
By day and anon through the night,
A yearning of love beyond my control,
That the beast should arise in his might.

Four hundred and fifty million strong,
One quarter the strength of the world,—
Oh, why has God let him sleep so long?
Shall Love be the banner before him unfurled?

Or shall hands that are moved by a carnal heart
Arouse this numberless host,
In anger to break the world apart,
And her nations give up the ghost?

O people of China, my full heart cried,
My heart is aflame with love;
For all your millions my Saviour died,
And calls to me now from above

To take the trump and blow a blast
In the ears of this slumbering throng,
Till every soul from the first to the last
Shall arise and take up the song: —

The song of the hosts of earth redeemed
From the sleep of death in sin.
And her millions before my vision teemed
From her caldron with awful din,

As over the brim from its seething mass
They rattle their blasted lives;
To their darker doom, as their dark lines
pass,—
All, fathers and children and wives.

And then in my sorrow I bowed and wept,
Although I was rugged and strong,
And said to the Lord, “Thy word shall be kept;
I will go to these people ere long.”

And so I said to my dear old dad
And to mother, these parents of mine,
I am ready to go with the message glad,
With the message of love divine,

To open the wounds of a Saviour's love
Afresh in my own young life,
That the fountain of love from the throne above
May follow the piercing knife

That duty has plunged to the very hilt
In my heart so full and warm,
And now I can say, Lord, as Thou wilt ;
In Thy hand, by the strength of Thine arm,

Let me open the valves of each heart of theirs,
That my own warm blood may flow
With the blood of Thine, through channels of
prayers,
Till Thy love sets their faces aglow.

And I sailed away like a soldier bold,
And proud to obey the Lord's command ;
And alas, I found that down in the hold
Were ten thousand cases of hell's contraband,

Four little soldiers of heaven's Red Cross,
With balm for these wounded men,
And a corps of the legions of deadly dross,—
'Neath the decks was the serpent's den.

And strange the riddle this rebus held,
As we sailed from our Christian shore,
While legions of devils in bedlam yelled
From the bungs of the casks in store.

And I thought as I prayed, Can the mighty God
Against those terrible odds contend?
Can four of his soldiers defy the rod
Of a cruel commerce, its curse to end?

And again I wept at our national crime,—
That our nation, whose fathers were most de-
vout,
Now worship the bacchanal gold, in slime
So foul and deep we may never get out; —

The slime of the curse of American rum,
As it drips from the fangs in the serpent's
jaws,
In this quag shall our glorious land succumb,
By this demon who works by the light of our
laws.

And so we sail o'er the great Pacific,
To the harvest yield of the seed of man,
That sways with a fruitage the most prolific
Of any field on the world's great plan.

And my hopes ran high, and I filled my chest
With a gusto fraught of my loyal pride
In Christian America, land of the blest;
And soon little China would be her bride.

Won by the ways we Americans live,
Won by the pennies we send to their shore,
Won by the message of lives we give,
Won by the white faced Lover of yore.

A bride in whom we shall find delight,
A bride from darkness won to the day,
Cultured, refined in the cruse of love's might,—
My warm love shall win her from idols away.

For we are Americans, proud of our name,
For the gospel of peace we're a nation of note,
And so I will tell them from whence I have come,
And they'll take the gospel I came here to
tote.

And we then disembarked on the dock at Foo
Chow,
We sanctified servants of Father's will,
And made to the guards of the beast a low bow,
And then in amazement our gusto lay still.

As we passed they gazed with a wearisome stare,
And our peace returned in dismay to ourselves,
For we saw in their faces no welcome there
For the race who brought devils to set on their
shelves.

But little we knew of the cause of their hate,
And little we cared to court its embrace,
But short was the season we had to wait
For the cause of disgust on each Chinaman's
face.

A disgust so repulsive, too vicious to dare,
And we meekly endured it and prayed,
While they spat on our clothing, so angry they
were,—
And I think I was somewhat afraid.

But I went to the mission to pray and rest
Awhile from the journey so long,
And then began to study my best
The strange language that rattles in song.

But I thought I would never be able to sing
The words of that song writ in slurs
That rise and fall with a jingle and ring
Like the bursting of schrapnel that whirrs

Through the air, till the racket gets on your
nerve,
And you wish the vain clatter would cease;
But you might as well wish that some one would
serve
A banquet of lightning and grease.

And so I struggled and struggled away,
For I wanted the golden key
That the language held, to unlock the day
When those millions would listen to me.

And my aged teacher, a kindly chink,
Was true in his patience and wise,
Though little I knew that my teacher did think
Me a traitor in holy disguise.

Till at last, one day when I understood,
He said in a sordid tone,
“England is Christian; is England good?”
And I thought of her Christian throne,

And I felt a pride in our Saxon race,
And with gusto and hope replied,
“Oh, sure, she’s good!” And the pride from
my face
Dove deep in my shame to hide,

When the stinging lance that he deftly threw
Had buried its keen edged blade
In a conscious canker of Saxon brew,
“ Then what of her opium trade? ”

This teacher of mine was a diplomat,
And his heart was open to me,
And I saw what his mind was driving at,
Of the Christians across the sea.

And after awhile, when I rallied again,
Though sorry for England's shame,
And felt at least in heart and brain,
I was proud of America's name,

And as though my teacher saw my cheek
Show a pride in my land august,
These words he sang that to you I speak,
And in them was a keener thrust:

“ You come from Christian Amerikee?
Amerikee very good too ; ”
“ Oh, yes, America's good and free,
America sent me to you ! ”

And my head swelled up and my chest stuck out
As I thought of my A-mer-i-kee,
When the pride of my face met a double redoubt,
“ But she allee samee sellee whiskee.”

Oh, it was cruel, and yet it was kind,—
These wounds to my national pride;
I saw in their making the pain of the mind
Of the nation we're yearning to guide.

And I blushed for shame, and then turned pale
At the sight of this spectre from hell,
And I fancied I heard from dark regions a wail
Of the millions who over us fell.

And had I but listened in that subtle hour
To the tempter who spoke to my soul,
In shame I'd have turned from the source of my
power,
Overcome by his subtle control.

But thanks to the God of heaven and earth,
This storm on the sea in the dark
I weathered through in his loving girth
With the Pilot of my little barque,

And struggled away for months and a year
To master the babbling tongue
Of the nation whose people were all the more
dear
To my heart with their "*sing ah wong tung.*"

And at last God answered my labor and prayer
And gave me my coveted gift,—
The gift of the tongue I had sought with tears,
And the bolt from its channel did lift.

At the touch of the ponderous key
That God and my teacher and I had made,
And now I was happy and free
To the strongholds of Satan invade.

I said to my bishop, "Assign me a charge;
I am prancing to be at the front,"
And he sent me away to a field that was large
And that teemed with the game I would hunt.

Away in a boat with a dexterous crew,—
A boat about forty feet long;
We sailed on the coast, and little I knew
Of the joy that provoketh a song.

For scarce had we rounded the headland cape,
When away in the distance we saw
The rising storm we could not escape,
And it struck us with fang and claw;

And we lay on the deck of the little craft,
Braced between hatch and rail,
And the sturdy storm in his fury laughed
As he took our craft for a flail

With which to pound the bouncing sea
And swing with a stinging rap
And steady stroke with the craft, and we
On the sea, slap, slap, slap, slap.

And like a buffeted quail we flew
In the face of that terrible gale,
And never once did the gallant crew
Forsake the bursting sail,

But kept her bow in the teeth of the storm
Though driving straight for the rock.
“We cannot save you,” their honest alarm,—
“We cannot miss from a fatal shock;”

But the daring tars of the China coast
Will weather the gales of sea and sky,
And when on the horns of the rock almost
They deftly dodge and the bull flies by.

And such was the way to my greatest joy,
And I thought of my old instructor Paul
In shipwrecks often, and left to die
From cruel strokes of the Roman thrall.

And I, like he, got safe to land
By the noble work of these Chinamen;
And this is the way I reached the strand,
For there was no dock where we landed then.

They anchored off some fifty yards
In the shallow water near the shore.
Now a missionary in their regards
Must not wade, but must be bore

On the shoulders stout of a sailor true,—
And no declining for shame or pride;
It's the only thing there is left to do,—
On the top of a Chinaman you must ride.

And so my yellow black-eyed steed
Backed himself to the side of the craft,
And I straddled his neck and gripped his head
Like an elephant riding a pony. I laughed,

For I never felt so big in my life,
And I know I never felt half so small
As I felt that little man straining in strife,
And I wickedly prayed he might stumble and
fall.

It was absolute folly, this keeping me dry,
For there wasn't a stitch but was dripping
wet;
And I couldn't get wetter if I were to try,
But the water was cold: I'm 'most shivering
yet.

It was evening, and there on the rising bank
Was a motley crowd of the hungry souls
Who saw our boat when she turned to flank
The point of the land across the shoals.

And the mission house was open that night,
And the native shepherd came to me
And said, "You must preach to the fishermen,"
And I thought of the Master of Galilee.

And out of the storm and the drenching wave
I stood to gaze on my waiting job
And the storm of the sea and damp of the grave
Could not increase or this horror rob.

The motley mob of moving dirt,
Of haggard eyes and tangled hair,
In which were beasts that bite and hurt,
And faces groaning with despair.

I felt my heart enlarged with love
And knew the source of love was there,
And pointing to the God above,
I told them of a father's care,

The love of Jesus, told them all,
And bade them come to Him for rest;
And two men came to heed the call,
And how my yearning soul was blest.

It was for this I left my home,
My aged parents, dearest friends,
But my reward had more than come;
It came and until now extends,

And time and eternity ne'er shall erase
From memory's page that wonderful sight
Of the light that illumed the old man's face
When he came from the wilderness into the
light.

His form was bent ; he was filthy and lone,
And a few more shadows of soul despair
Would have blotted his life from the light that
shone
On his withered face and tangled hair.

And the joy that welled in the dear old soul
Subdued all else and polished the skin
Till the scales of filth to the earth did roll,
And the leper was clean without and within.

But this was not my pentecost :
It was but a drop of a coming shower,
A herald of China's transfigured host,
A moment of time from a sanctified hour

Plucked from the years of her glorious day
That dawns in the light of God's own Son,
When all of her night shall be driven away,
And China shall live by the light of His
throne.

.

Now let us consider my teacher's reply :
What is the crime of the opium trade?

'Tis that England by treaty compelled her to
buy

Her cargoes of opium, lives to degrade,

Until after decades of shame so distressed

China's diplomats sought to enlist

The friendship and power she knew we possessed,

Asked Benjamin Harrison her to assist

In petitioning England her treaty to lift;

But Harrison hadn't the courage or care

To hazard that England at us should be miffed,

And suffering China remained in despair.

When William McKinley to Washington came

As chief of our nation, both worthy and true,

Poor China again in humanity's name

Entreated him also the same thing to do.

But whether McKinley had some lame excuse

Or whether his hands were busy with Spain,

China was left to the treaty's abuse

And the souls of her millions on England re-
main.

For the curse of her crime must England atone

And the blood of the heathen will God require,

Because she refused to let China alone,

Persisting to burn her with poisonous fire.

And again when that strenuous, fearless chief,
Chief of the fearless and chief of the realm,
Came to the throne China prayed for relief
And Teddy said, "Steady, let me take the
helm,"

And opened the question in China's behalf,
That England reflect and consider ;
And Alice, his daughter, and William Taft,
Yes, and Nicholas Longworth was with her,

Stepped over to China in Uncle Sam's name
And called a few consuls together,
And pleaded for China's release from the game
In a confab of either or whether.

And England said, but politely of course,
"This is *either* a bluff or a lie,"
And China said, "*Whether* for better or worse,
Permit us the privilege to try."

Quoth dear Uncle John, in his own canny way,
"I will test your request if sincere,
And diminish my penalty gradually, say
Ten per cent. every succeeding year."

And oh, the distress of the Chinaman then,
When the British presented the plan,
And the pleading of nations to take the gold pen
And commence to unload the big van.

And though it was neither an either or whether,
But a kind of a go-between,
The disconsolate diplomat took the long feather
And signed to slow down the machine.

And that was for China a mighty big step,—
She caught step with the God Almighty;
Then she made at the opium devil a leap
And the poppy her anger should blight-ee.

An Imperial order went out from the throne:
“Destroy every poppy that grows
Or my soldiers shall cut off your heads, every
one;
Your head or the poppy head goes.”

And only a few were so foolish to try
To do as they do in these States,—
The laws they don't like to break and defy;
For in China they cut off their pates.

And the blindest of tigers are never so blind
But the soldiers can stir up their den,
And every outlaw they follow and find
Pays the fine with his life there and then.

And the cargoes that England lands in her ports
To accept the which China is bound
By Imperial edict none may transport
So it moulders and rots on the ground.

And England has ceased to send opium in,
For she never will trade at a loss;
Though there's yet four per cent. of her treaty
with sin,
She has reckoned the fragment as dross.

And China's been true and as good as her word;
She has not betrayed England's vile trust,
When she held the poor slave and gruffly de-
murred:

“It is only our trade you would bust,

“And then you will make all the opium yourself,
And ten years is not any too long
For us to get rich upon opium pelf;
If you mean it, then sing us your song.”

And the song has been sung all over the land;
Scarce a poppy in China is seen,
And the people of China are taking a hand
And sweeping their country clean.

Not only the poppy, not only the shop,—
She is checking the habits of men;
They have so many days the habit to stop,—
He must stop or his head comes off then.

Ah, who shall awaken the sleeping beast
Have a care: he is yawning now;
Ah, who shall serve as a morning feast,
When he makes to the world his bow?

Shall he come from his lair a beast of prey
In anger to crush and kill,
Or come as the lamb of millennium day,
To follow the Master's will?

Have a care, for what did my teacher say?
"Sellee whiskee allee samee;"
For God and China are looking this way,
And our heads are heavy with shame.

And God and China are keeping step,
And they step with a mighty stride;
She may reach our door at a single leap,
And the spoils of our folly divide.

For why should England come under the ban,
And America go scot-free
To load the trucks of her Gospel van
At the cost of liberty?

And let us pray for a manly grit
To deal with *our* deadly foe
In the way that China will deal with it,
And our rum will have to go,—

And no excuse or long delay;
Every drop of the stuff we'd spill
On the night before the legal day,
And lock every liquor mill.

Yes, China is keeping step with God;
She's awake and awake to stay;
Her ruler has raised his regal rod
Against the idols of ancient day,

And from Jehovah's hand of love
Has taken the Holy Book,
And the word of the God of heaven above
Receives his favored look;

And every home and school shall have
The Bible daily read,
And this alone will surely save
The living from the dead.

.

At a great convention of noble lords
And men of missions great and small
Met to plan for the land and wards,—
About two thousand men in all.

My holy Bishop said to me,
“Caldwell, take the lead tonight;”
And there I stood in the midst of a sea
That seemed to mirror the dawn of light.

And I felt my heart in my bosom warm
With the glowing flame from the throne on
high,
And I heard the key unlock the storm
Of the Chinese tongue in my glowing sky.

And I let the clatter and sing-song chime
Of that wonderful language have my heart,
As I told of the love of God sublime
And that Jesus' blood had purchased a part

In the kingdom of heaven for every one,
And all could be princes of God bye and bye,
And that Jesus will never leave us alone
In sin and sorrow to suffer and die.

And oh, I know not what I said,
But I know that my Lord was there,
And I know that his lambs were being fed,
And I knew he was answering many a prayer.

And I said to the flock, "Come, gather and eat;
At the altar here find sweetest rest,"—
And fifty men were on their feet
And fell at the altar while Jesus blest.

I said, "My Lord, what have I done?
Have I made a mistake; do they understand?"
And then I questioned every one,
And still they remained a penitent band;

And then I said, "What shall I do?
The meeting has got too big for me;"
And Bishop and elders were weeping too,
And God's great love was flowing free.

And then I said, " Are there any more
Who want this Jesus friend so dear? "
And four hundred men stood on the floor,
And we turned the seats into altars here ;

And then we let them kneel to pray,
And said again from the storm of love,
" Are there other souls who will come today? "
And three hundred more were on the move ;

And seven hundred and fifty souls
Fell in the battle for God that night,
And the pentecostal wave still rolls,
And China has seen a wonderful light.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 482 347 0